

PRAIRIE FIRE
RM 210 NORTHERN CROWN
BLDG
REGINA SASK CANADA

PUBLISHED BY THE RED MOUNTAIN TRIBE

VOL 3, NO. 9, ISSUE 61

SEPT. 5-12, 1970

15c Bay Area | 25c elsewhere

BERKELEY



TRIBE



AMERICA'S
GOIN' TO HELL
IN A BASKET !!!



photo:
Cleavenger

I've hated and feared rock festivals ever since the craze started a few years ago. The only one I'd ever been to was Altamont, but that confirmed my worst suspicions about such events.

It isn't even the overall insanity that I remember clearest, but a small personal discomfort I felt that the angels had nothing to do with. Right in the middle of Crosby, Stills and Nash I had to piss. I had to piss real bad, but the crowd around me was jammed so tight that I could neither push my way out, nor move my arms down low enough to open my fly and piss right there.

SKY RIVER LIVES

Rock festivals seemed like competition marathons, each competing with the last to see which could have the most people on the smallest piece of earth, with inadequate food, water, and sanitary facilities; the most rain, insects and poison oak; the worst dope, all computed together to reach a total discomfort index. The only purpose in going was to be able to tell those who didn't "I spent thirty-seven hours at . . . and lived."

If several hundred thousand people got together and no more than four or five died at a festival this would show that the culture had resilience and would survive anything.

It gave us all faith in the future of mankind.

Naturally, I went somewhat reluctantly to the Sky River Festival And Lighter Than Air Fair. I was prodded by curiosity and the enthusiasm of friends, though I admit that I only hoped to get through the event without a case of dysentery.

Naturally I was shocked when Sky River turned out to be almost totally beautiful. (All right, I'll get it out of the way early. There were ugly things. We haven't divested ourselves of the pig kultur yet. People did rip-offs. Women were grabbed by drunks. There was some

bad dope. I'd be lying not to admit this went on. However, one of the best things about the rock festival was that people attempted collectively to deal with this type of shit.) It was different. Sky River isn't a group of money- and publicity-hungry promoters, self-conscious Beautiful People and big-name bands to be worshipped.

Sky River is a community of the people who were there. It was put together by the Highdra collective of the Seattle Liberation Front with little money, little initial help and big legal hassles. All they had to go on was the

feeling off of the past two festivals that Sky River should happen again this year.

Only they planned it different this year. The land was bought (although there are still legal hassles) and people will stay there after the festival is over. Each ticket is a deed to the land.

The festival itself is going on for eleven days, with two weekends of music. In between there are workshops, crews working the land, and doing service projects for the community, and town meetings.

As we drove in to the Sky River site we were greeted by some freaks working security. Someone had laid tickets on us in Seattle, but we'd left them behind. I told the guy on security that.

"That's a good story," he nodded, as if hearing another nuance on the same story repeated a thousand times. "Tell it to the guy over there."

We did and he let us in.

We walked down to the river, a mile hike to some clear cold water with fish and clams and all kinds of wonderful things in it. It was the west boundary of our property. Across the river there were some old ladies with binoculars furtively trying to hide behind some trees and peek at several people who had the audacity to

Cont. page 27

Photo / Kathy



↓ BUT DOES? →
PORTLAND?



Photo / Kathy

page two / september 4 - 11, 1970

COVER PHOTO / Steve Clevinger

Sitting there, stoned out of my skull at Sky River, the question came up as to whether I should go to Portland. I'd intended to go there, but I figured, with the mobe-marshal setup and all, that Portland could go either of two ways. It could be another drag and peace march in which I'd be bored, or a suicidal attack on the pigs in which case I'd be killed. I decided I'd rather roam through the woods and pick blackberries.

On Sunday a sarcastic and snotty leaflet appeared, given out by PAJ (Pajama party) trying to guilt trip us into going. "Dear Hippies," it began with a sneer: Kindly be informed that the city of Portland does not wish you to attend the People's Army Jamboree. We have a good clean city, and we want to keep it that way. To this end we have sponsored the rock festival known as Vortex and heartily approve of the Sky River Rock Festival.

Your presence in Portkand would greatly inconvenience Our Beloved President, Dick Milhaus, to say nothing of the Vice President, the Honorable Spiro, as well as a plethora of local politicians who want very badly to be reelected.

... We, the good People of Portland, do hereby request your absence at both of these functions. Let's show that the young people of this country don't really care about the issues that the Jamboree has raised, but only care about music and smoking dope.

Terri Skunk and the City Mothers Right on. Fuck them. It was the worst leaflet I'd ever seen.

Most people I talked to would fight for the festival, fight for their lives and fight for the revolution.

BERKELEY TRIBE published by The Red Mountain Tribe Mailing Address: PO BOX 9043 Berkeley California 94709 Business Office: 1708A Grove St 549-2101 Editorial Office: 1701 1/2 Grove St 549-3391 Copyright 1970 RMT TRIBE deadlines News thru Tuesday 6pm Wednesday News Wed Midnight; Features Mon Midnight George Mon 6pm Classified Ads Tues 3pm Second Class postage paid at Berkeley California member: Underground Press Syndicat (UPS) Liberation News Service (LNS)

by Aunt Syph

The Berkeley Red Rockets, a noted west coast terrorist group of ill fame with the pigs, hit Portland for the People's Army Jamboree. They made the weekend (what there was of it) for the Portland Pigs, the American Legion, and the Jamboree marshalls.

The Jamboree was rather strange. Most of the people who would have come for it otherwise were siphoned off to the state-sponsored rock festival, Vortex I (held 30 miles out of Portland in McIver State Park, one 12-foot access road, national guard jeep on the road, state pigs, helicopter overhead, plenty of room, dope, music, woods, why go into Portland for a bad-vibes demonstration?)

So the People camped out at Delta Park, on the edge of Portland where the city gave the Jamboree a permit, were people who had come to kick ass, but were intimidated by the Jamboree marshalls, pigs, Guard, etc. It's hard to trash when only 500 of you show up for the action and the Jamboree marshalls issue leaflets which say "anyone who initiates violence and trashing may be a pig agitator and should be treated as such. . . ."

The first march was on Sunday, to end the war in Vietnam. There was a rally at Dunaway Hill Park about a mile from the downtown section of Portland. A couple hundred potential trashers and lots more anti-trashers, about 2000 people all together. Some speakers, and meanwhile an undercover pig is spotted taking pictures of those gathered on the hill listening. He's pointed out on the microphone, and a couple hundred people pour down the hill towards him. He starts to split the park.

The Red Rockets wanted to rip off his camera. So did a lot of other people. I mean here's this pig, who admits he's a pig, walking out of the park with a camera full of interstate faces, and the fucking marshalls linked arms to protect his camera. Peace and good vibes to the marshalls.

On the parade downtown, the marshalls kept ordering those anarchist Rockets back into line. The Rockets were doing their chant, "Tsuka, Tsuka, Tsukamoto!" and really embarrassing the leaders of the parade, the Vets for Peace, who were carrying the banner leading the parade. Those Berkeley people gross out every time.

In downtown Portland, the American Legion turned out on the sidelines. The Legionnaires had received direct orders from their commanders not to get violent, and you could see the old fuckers who thought they were as tough as they were in World War II having strokes as we marched by. A hundred Vietcong flags in Portland (and they said it couldn't happen here).

The march was termed a victory by the Jamboree office.



Photo / Steve Clevinger

RED ROCKETS HIT PORTLAND

Monday's march was much better. That was the Amerikan Legion March for Victory in Vietnam down Broadway. It was insane. . . Legionnaires massed for blocks, drum and bugle corps playing the Theme and "Bridge Over Troubled Water" and other cooptation music.

Pigs from each state escorted their Legion delegation. The pigs freaked as they received individual cheers from the Red Rocket Color Guard on the sidewalk. Mississippi State Highway Pigs and the Illinois State Pigs got special attention.

The Legionnaires had their own little cheering teams on the sidewalk too. Standing in front of them was bad on the ears, a bunch of 50 year old patriotic cheerleaders. One of the shrill old bags offered to send me to Vietnam, and when I offered to take her up on it she almost fainted.

The Red Rockets joined the California Delegation with their NLF flags, and were promptly escorted out. At various times, groups of sailors, Navy officers, and Legionnaires made toward the NLF flags, but they never got them.

After the parade the pigs were very watchful, the national guard made a

convoy appearance on the streets, but nothing came off.

We were staying out at Delta Park, and in spite of the wine, song and dope party that was scheduled for that night, as on all other nights, we decided to abstain and split town.

Our two cars convoyed out of Delta Park, flying North Vietnam and NLF flags; we stopped by the PAJ office to pick up posters and headed over the Burnside Bridge out of Portland.

On the other side, four pig cars with four pigs per car surrounded our two and stopped us. Motorcycle pigs pulled up too, and other pig cars were peeking from around corners.

The suspense was a drag.

Our flags were ripped down and they checked our ID. The driver of one of the cars was busted for no licence, and the pigs told us to follow them to central lockup to bail him out.

Which we did. The pigs pulled into the parking lot across from the station and so did we. The pig walked across the street and so did we.

The National Guard Sgt counted us as we walked in. "One jaywalker. . . two jaywalkers. . . three . . . four. . ."

I was questioned for an hour by a detective and a policewoman. The first thing the detective said was "We're not here to talk to you about jaywalking. . . ." They asked me if I was a communist and the reason I had come to Portland. In spite of the fact that I hadn't been told my constitutional rights and all, I kept my mouth shut on that shit, and soon had the policewoman, who had a copy of "The Feminine Mystique" poking out of her purse, accusing the detective Sgt of being a male chauvinist.

In the cell block, which was full of prostitutes doing 180 days (Portland had been cleaned up) we agreed that jaywalking was an asshole charge for urban guerrillas.

We were booked, four times fingerprinted, five times mugged, and bailed out by the PAJ Legal Defense Team who had been waiting for days with no business.

After we got out, made out our legal statements, etc., we got the fuck out of town.

After two j's on Interstate Five, we agreed that Portland was nice. But not nice enough.

VORTEX I

Vortex I was no shuck rock concert. It was very successful, and credit should be given where credit is due. . . Governor Tom McCall of Oregon.

Would you believe free state-sponsored music, dope, camping, etc.

It diverted thousands of people from Portland, where the marches against the Legion and Amerika in general were planned.

While the Portland Chapter of the White Panther Party was raided, three people busted, guns and walkie talkies confiscated, people out at Vortex I, 30 miles out of town, grooved on.

The smiling state pigs waved people into the gate, National Guardsmen parked their jeep in the shade and flashed the peace sign, and the press tripled the numbers of people actually there.

It was a mile down a steep hill to the field where the music was (on and off) and another mile down another hill to the river. Very easy in, very tiring to get out.

After a pickup truck with the back full of rolled joints (32 k's, I was told) rolled through the festival grounds, nobody was about to drag their ass out for a demonstration in Portland. The National Guard at the gate had nothing to worry about.

Vortex I closed down after the last march in Portland. Very timely.
september 4 - 11, 1970/ page three

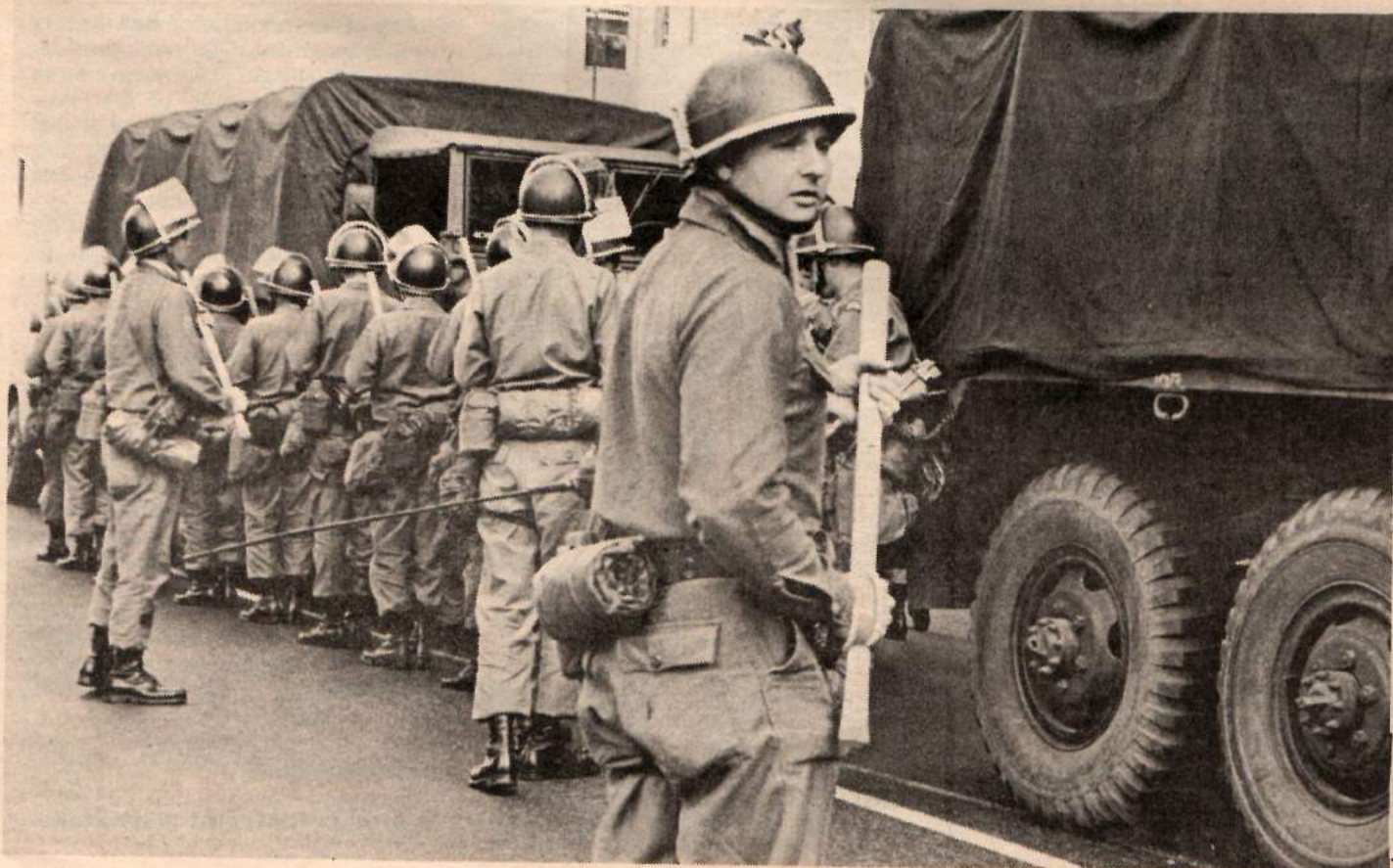


Photo / Kathy

Lonnie convicted!



Lonnie McLucas was convicted August 31, 1970, after 35 hours of deliberation, of Conspiracy to Murder, a charge which in the state of Connecticut brings a maximum penalty of 15 years. His bail pending appeal was set at \$15,000, a small sum compared to the government's requested \$100,000. But more important is what Lonnie was not convicted of. He was not convicted of any of the substantive crimes in the indictment; the jury found him NOT GUILTY of kidnapping resulting in death, a capital crime; conspiracy to kidnap, maximum penalty 30 years; and binding with intent to commit a crime, maximum penalty 25 years.

Lonnie McLucas was, in fact, convicted for being a member of a revolutionary party, the Black Panther Party. And because the jury understood that this was the only "crime" of which Lonnie was "guilty", it was a victory in raising the jury's consciousness. The jury understood that the conspiracy charge lodged by the government was not a criminal charge at all, but was simply another attempt by Amerika to jail the revolution.

The conspiracy law is the perfect way for the state to repress the valid activities of revolutionary groups. It bypasses the

first amendment rights of free speech and assembly, and it bypasses the more basic right of revolution, a right which is basic to a constitution of the people, by the people, and for the people. The jury understood exactly what the government was trying to do. And this understanding by 10 white and 2 black middle-class jurors is a true victory for the people, even though the jury was not itself strong enough to rise up and declare that the whole racist legal system is oppressive and illegitimate.

The verdict was important in other ways. The series of trials in New Haven are shaping up as a real test of the power of the people as against the racist ruling class. The government hoped to secure easy verdicts against the eight others by first convicting Lonnie. Lonnie was their strongest case. The bullshit charges against Lonnie were exposed, however, for what they were. George Sams, star witness for State Attorney Arnold Markle, is a mental incompetent. His testimony was contradictory; his credibility was next to nothing. The testimony of Loretta Luckes, a Panther applicant, was in exchange for a plea of conspiracy to kidnap. Her testimony only served actually to further the sadistic image of George Sams. And the

testimony of Warren Kimbro, whose brother is with the Miami pigs and who convinced Kimbro to plea to a second degree murder, often contradicted Sams' testimony.

A third important outcome of the trial is the impact on the people who have been constantly exposed to the pig media concerning the alleged violent activities of the Black Panther Party and other revolutionary groups. Lonnie's acquittal for the substantive crimes can serve to raise the consciousness of the people to the lies that the state has put forth through the straight press. The only violence coming down in Amerika is its own violence, pig violence in Philadelphia as the Panther Headquarters is raided, pig violence all over the world where Amerikan troops are the occupying forces.

The political implications of Lonnie's trial, of the trial of the New Haven 9 are heavy. It seems that Amerika is working on some sort of absorptive theory. It believes that this fascist system will be able to heal itself, to absorb the revolutionary energies building within it. And this absorption will occur by bringing increasing numbers of political trials in order to let the people of middle - Amerika involve themselves in the

"cooling of the revolution." But the jury system is acquitting these revolutionaries of the heavy charges. This doesn't mean that the system is good or that it is working; rather it means that the system is breaking down in that its own contradictions are becoming more and more apparent to all the people.

When Bobby Seale took the stand for the defense of Lonnie McLucas, he explained to the jury over the objections of the prosecution what the Black Panther Party is all about. In response to the objections, Lonnie's attorney, Theodore I. Koskoff stated, "Mr. Markle has been trying the Black Panther Party for 10 weeks; the jury is entitled to know about it." And that is exactly what happened and what is going to happen in the remainder of the trials. The fascist government has placed the Black Panther Party on trial. But the ultimate justice will be that of the people.

Free Rose Marie Smith, Ericka Huggins, Pegga Hudgins, George Edwards, Landon Williams, Rory Hithe, Francis Carter.

Free Bobby Seale.

Free ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS.

Philly pig offed; 12 wounded in shootouts

A record twelve pigs were shot in three cities of the black colony last weekend, and tremors reached the father country itself, where a series of further bombings and riots occurred. Philadelphia had the heaviest shower of bullets, with one pig offed and six others wounded in two days. Philadelphia is a city of two million, half of them in the colony. It has the largest park of any city in the world, built for the days when it was a honk capital, often called the northernmost city of the great old South.

But in the last twenty years, the honks have run for the suburbs, abandoning the core regions of North, South and West Philadelphia to the black colony. That means the park as well; and as black consciousness has grown, the park has become liberated territory, occupied by only a few scattered Park Guard outposts. Saturday night, a pig was driving his paddy wagon to a guardhouse in the park to fill his gas tank, then fill his paddy wagon with black kids he'd hassle for drinking beer or smoking dope. A black revolutionary called him to the curb and shot him twice in the face. Moments later, they took care of the lone guard at the nearby outpost, prompting the pigs to close these outposts altogether the next day. A day later, five blocks away, two more black revolutionaries hailed another pig car, and this time shot two more pigs.

Wherever the pigs get offed in the black colony, the topcops are ready to vamp on the Panthers. As in Omaha, so in Philadelphia. Local Pig Commissioner Frank Rizzo ordered a dawn counter-attack on three Panther headquarters on Monday. The Panthers defended themselves in two out of three offices, and in their main headquarters in North Philadelphia succeeded in wounding three pigs before surrendering. The main thrust of the pig attack, of course, is to stop the Panthers from holding the Plenary Sessions of their Constitutional Convention, scheduled to be held at Temple University Gymnasium, on the edge of the North Philadelphia colony, this weekend, September 4-7. But Big Man, Panther Minister of Information, replied immediately, "If Rizzo wants to murder Panthers, there will be Panthers around this weekend. Fascism won't stop us."

Pig Rizzo said the Convention was "fraught with the possibility of violence" and he should know. In case the Panthers didn't have enough reasons to write a new constitution, guaranteeing real rights to the oppressed, Rizzo had his oinks strip the Panthers in the street outside their headquarters as they carried out their frisking. No violation of rights, said Rizzo. "We didn't abuse them. We were just being careful. It was an unusual circumstance. Of course, we don't do it every time."

In the end, the pigs remembered that bail was another loophole in the Amerikan Konstitution. They held fourteen Panthers at \$100,000 bail, and two judges rejected konstitutional attempts to bring it down. The charges naturally arise from the pig attack on the offices, and range from assault with intent to kill to assault and battery and conspiracy. Four other suspects held in



connection with the actual shootings were held without bail.

Piggo Rizzo said the guns at the Panther headquarters proved a conspiracy. His lucid mind worked as follows: "We are dealing with fanatics, with psychopaths. I have made statements in the past that the Black Panthers would hear from us. When they did hear from us, the yellow dogs threw

down their guns." Chicago scenario? Tune in next week for your next installment of "Dawn raid, kill the Panthers". But Piggo also sees the need to change the Konstitution. It's too pinko. Must been wrote by commiejews. He told reporters, "This is no longer crime. This is revolution. It must be stopped even if we have to change some of the laws to do it."

WILD WEEKEND

Last weekend's wave of people's violence included four pigs ambushed in Riverside (65 miles southeast of LA) during an invasion of a Chicano area to bust people for being in the riots following the Moratorium march; a pig on the beat shot in the Bronx (with the lucky name, Pio Rizzo - put that in your Tarot Cards and smoke it); a dynamite explosion in a pig car in Crescent City, California; bombings at the Portuguese Embassy and Rhodesian Information Office in Washington; a gay lib riot in

Greenwich Village; a \$200,000 explosion at the Radford Army Arsenal in Virginia (killing two people working inside); the partial burning of a ROTC building at the University of Georgia; an armed, daylight raid on the Cecil Field Naval Air Arsenal in Florida, netting some one hundred weapons; and four local firebombings (targets: Bank of America, a Berkeley school supplies building, and a National Guard Armory and courtroom in Walnut Creek). Two, three, many heavy weekends!

LA RAZA MOVING

Two Vietnam demonstrations were set for last weekend, one in Portland, one in LA. One was billed as superviolent, totally provocative; it was officially called the People's Army Jamboree, unofficially a piece march. But it went off small and not very violent, hundreds of freaks running a quiet gauntlet amidst tens of thousands of senile rightwingers. The second was hardly mentioned in the white press. It was a Chicano Moratorium, organized as a solemn, peaceful march to protest the disproportionate death-rate of brown GIs in Vietnam, a form of genocide against Chicanos. Two things were forgotten: the titanic anger building into revolutionary consciousness in the brown community, and the uncontrollable racism of the LA pig force.

A little more than a month before the march, a pig raid on a rooming house produced two "mistaken shooting deaths" - unprovoked murders of Chicanos. One local priest said he had had ten recent funerals of Chicanos killed in Vietnam. An estimated 20,000 Chicanos came from several states to march in the Moratorium through the barrio of East Los Angeles. They chanted, 'Uncle Sam is a bigot', 'Viva la raza', 'Our fight is in the barrio, not in Vietnam'. Four hundred San Quentin prisoners wore black arm bands in solidarity with the Moratorium.

When the march ended, the crowd moved to Laguna Park for a rally. The pigs arrived in riot gear and began taunting Chicano youth on the edges of the crowd. The kids responded with rocks and bottles, the pigs attacked the crowd with tear gas, and LA's first riot since Watts 1965 was under way.

The Chicano youth have been the vanguard of the brown power movement since the spring of 1968 when they staged a series of blowouts from LA high schools, which have a higher dropout rate (sometimes as much as 50%) than even the black high schools. They organized against the language and cultural barriers in the school system, high unemployment, shitty housing, the highest TB rate in America. As the largest third world group in the LA area, the Chicanos were bound to get moving.

The heaviest rioting lasted three hours. In that short time, the Bank of America was firebombed, 178 businesses trashed, many looted, and a million dollars worth of damage done. There were 185 arrests. Twenty-eight pigs were injured, and thirty Chicanos were treated at an emergency medical center set up by the people. One young Chicano was critically injured in the explosion of a tear gas cannister. Another was shot by the pigs and died a few days later.

A well known Chicano newsman, Ruben Salazar, was murdered when the pigs fired 10" high speed bullet-like tear gas projectiles at point-blank range into a Chicano bar. The pigs sealed off a ten-block area and smaller-scale fighting continued. Unperturbed, Nixon flew up from San Clemente 'to have dinner in an exclusive restaurant' in another part of town.

As outrage spread to other barrios, further fighting broke out. The next night it was in Wilmington, twenty miles south of Downtown LA. A day later it was farther south, in Riverside, where there were fires and heavy sniping in the barrio, culminating in a shotgun ambush of four pigs on foot patrol. As Watts marked a new stage in the development of the black revolution, these events are a decisive moment in the brown revolution, and, more than that, a new consolidation of the internal colonies in their struggle to tear the beast apart from within. The war has come home to the barrio, and la raza is moving.

the independent female

The San Francisco Mime Troupe ended National Women's Week with a performance of "The Independent Female" or "A Man Has His Pride" in Provo Park on Saturday. I took time out from hawkin Tribes on the Ave. to join my sisters and see what the Mime Troupe was up to. They were up to plenty... some on-the-spot education about the Women's movement of old wonderfully intertwined with a woman/movement sense of what the male bloodsuckinkapitalistinhuman system is all about. Women's Liberation groups in SF spent lots of time with the Mime Troupe on this piece. The entire "show" mirrored the sensitivity and intensity of the work which went into it.

The actresses and actors of the Troupe did a marvelous job in portraying the trouble a young, engaged secretary had in trying to remain a woman, while fighting her old man's anger about "imagining" that she would work while married. She organized a strike with her sisters in the company, all the while being harassed by the thought that she would lose the love of her man if he found out. An old

setting, perhaps, but most of us face the same on a more subtle level. We work to put our men through school, so they can perpetuate the system which oppresses us, or we work so that our men can be the radical leaders of our community, and remain ourselves enmeshed in bureaucratized shitwork.

The secretary theme, well known to all of us women, was a great setting from which to branch out. The characters were greatly exaggerated. The fiance was a pompous asshole and Gloria was the trembling flower, always on the verge of tears. Until... her friend Sarah the Feminist helped her in her fight against the company, and her hassles with the fiance. This time the play had a happy ending for us women... almost that is. The beautiful male with beastly innards, lost the sweet, virginal, weak/turned strong liberator WOMAN. Gloria and her sisters won the fight. Their demands were recognized. The company president died of a heart attack and turned out to be Gloria's father. But Sarah was shot in the back by the pompous fiance, and she died leaving us with her epitaph: "Shot in the back, because she didn't want to live on

it."

The play really ended there, but surprise... Gloria's mother (played by a man) saw the light and stopped harassing her about "her place in the home", and "a man has his pride". Her eyes were wide open, and she was glad that for a change the women had made a decision and had won. And Mr. Fiance decided that since it was all over (?), Gloria could quit, having had her fling. But surprise again... the trembling flower had learned, and he got the gun pointed at him as he slunk to the door. Gloria found that she hadn't lost a love, she'd lost an asshole, and gained a thousand sisters. "I'll love my brothers", she said. "If there are any."

You men should thank the Mime Troupe for making it so easy for you to see what a woman's oppression means. Like Sarah said, we do not want to BE men. We'd like to stop your oppression of us (and we will), and we will have an equal say when it comes to the decisions. You guys have made a mess of things. And the system isn't going to change until all of you out there realize that your liberation depends on changing your old

notions of what women are. We'll give you all the help you need, brothers. But it would be nice if you'd let some of it sink in. I saw too many AMUSED male faces in Provo on Saturday. The Mime Troupe wasn't there to amuse you, it was there to educate you. Even if you had only looked at the faces of your sisters around you, you would have seen their intensity and participation. We looked into "The Independent Female" and saw our lives mirrored there, as well as a sense of winning. Everytime we sisters are together like we were on Saturday, we are strong. We will and are freeing ourselves. We are the Independent Female.

—Andrea



york's attacker named

Although Chief of Police Baker won't tell the City Council, or any of the people of Berkeley, the Tribe can now positively identify one of the two pigs who beat up Rev. Dick York of the Free Church on July 4th.

The superpig is Carl Lipgens, Badge Number 3. He has dark hair and an olive complexion. This is not the first time Lipgens has been caught beating up a citizen.

Last September, he grabbed Peter Neufeld, a long-time Berkeley resident, and beat him to the ground on Telly and later inside the police station. Neufeld offered no resistance, although his curly, fairly long hair was probably provocation enough for Lipgens.



There is now a federal civil rights suit filed against Lipgens by attorney Roy Alper on Neufeld's behalf.

Has Lipgens been suspended, fired, or even reprimanded by the Berkeley Police Department? Don't bet on it.

The Department loves animals like Lipgens on its force. Then it wails that it is misunderstood, and there has been a "breakdown of police - community relations" when people call them pigs, break windows, and call for community control of police.

In Chief Baker's view, police have a perfect right to beat the shit out of people for no reason, but people are ingrates if they complain about police harassment and brutality.

Then he wonders why one of his officers gets shot and killed. He fails to see that his own police are setting themselves up for another such incident by their persistent disregard for people's rights, including the right not to be beaten up.

The Alameda County Grand Jury investigated the York beating last week, but it looks as if it will be a Lowell Jensen whitewash special. Grand Juries, you might know, are usually no more than rubber stamps for the District Attorney, and Lowell Jensen, the man who personally prosecuted Huey P. Newton and the Oakland Seven, seems hardly likely to prosecute Carl Lipgens, his fellow sadist.

people's house holds

people's households

Berkeley has a lot of funky blocks. Like ours for instance. Front yards overgrown, forty dogs, communal gardens, a food conspiracy, and many people into different aspects of the revolution. Just left as is, it would be a cool place to live awhile. But things are coming down in such a way that we've been moving to get close together.

We've started to liberate some space and time to devote to each other, and in so doing our human and environmental resources are becoming evident to us. We've started a phone tree to link everyone on the block when messages, pig alerts, bail needs, & other information has to get around quickly. We've begun work on turning four backyards into a park for pleasure, weekly potluck dinners, and meetings to rap.

We're trying to overcome the

property-disease of some of our neighbors and obtain some empty warehouse space on the block for all food conspiracies to transfer country-commune fruits and vegetables to Berkeley.

This week a group of women from the block held their first meeting together as women. We're also thinking of starting self-defense and first aid classes.

Nothing happens without some history behind it. Much of what we're doing results from the fact the block contains overlapping circles of friends-people who trust each other. When distrust of an action occurs, it generally sparks good heated discussion. "Leaders" get put on the hot seat—the block is beginning to understand that things must come from both vanguard enthusiasm AND collective will.

Our block's a microcosm of Berkeley.

This weekend the house the pigs trashed gets rebuilt. A three-day work festival starts Friday morning and continues to Sunday night at Hearst Castle, 2701 and 2705 Hearst St.

Everyone's invited to paint, build, plumb, and make the place habitable for the community. A festival of life, not demolition.

Two weeks ago, the people of Hearst Castle were illegally evicted from their home. The pig university wanted to turn the two funky old buildings at Hearst and La Lamo into a parking lot.

The people were still in court, but the university, without waiting for the court's

decision, sent in its lackeys to trash the place. They even had their bulldozer poised.

The people got a court order before the bulldozer moved in, but not before they had inflicted over \$5000 worth of damage to the place, making it uninhabitable.

Now we have to make the place usable again, so we can use the house to save the community.

If you can, bring tools, 2 x 4s, 3/4 inch pipe, couplings, two 40" x 32" panes of glass, nails, screws, a bathtub, four sinks, and three water heaters. The phone number is 848-9318.

Not all of us relate to each other, but quite a few do— we've got law students, landscapers, Comm'ty Control of Police organizers, MDMers, karate experts, iron workers, astrologers, Meha Baba devotees, Women's Liberation activists, artists, euphoria merchants, and people who are handy with a hoe. We've also got a few people who dig "organizing" itself and some who just like to get high off seeing everybody together for dinner.

Two weeks ago some fine street painting appeared. Just a small symbol of the way in which we all can be people's architects, people's decorators, liberators of our own environment.

FBI and uniformed pigs are often hovering around the block. We're aware that any action that gets people together around their needs presents a threat to the system. When they snoop around to

see if we're hiding any fugitives from thier way of doing things we're more & more ready to tell them where to go.

Maybe our example can spark others in Berkeley to pull their blocks together. The important thing is to start where people are at—we must trust each toehr while we challenge the system in more dramatic ways. Huey keeps telling us to take the time with eahc other to explain, to rely on collective energy, not just on our individual interpretations of what is and isn't revolutionary. He also says that "the realization of power is power itself." That "realization" takes place first on the level of mutual communication & trust. Each time we move, we want what we do to be a confirmation that "The spirit of the people is greater than the Man's technology."

Power to the People!

SAN QUENTIN:

SECRET TRIALS...

Last Tuesday there were two more secret trials at San Quentin. Since the Marin kidnapping, during which prison guards took the lives of three black revolutionaries and a white judge, Marin County officials have decided that pre-trial hearings for convicted felons will take place within the confines of the prison and without the benefit of public notice. They are moving swiftly towards the time when they can indict prisoners, try them, convict them and execute them without anyone knowing.

The courtroom resembled an old Jr. High School gym—folding chairs, a wall clock, black curtains and a small stage.

"All rise. The court is now in session. The honorable bloop dee bloop blah blah..." and in came the judge, a pig in dark robes.

Then in came the brown brother—Louis Talamantez—chained down like some freak in a sideshow at the county fair. The pigs flipped out when the entire spectator section rose to its feet with a spontaneous "Right on, brother!" It was like a bolt of lightning striking that tickled their tiny pig brains. Fifty human beings had risen up in

solidarity with one of their own to demand freedom and a fair trial!

"I will not be a guinea pig in this legal proceeding," shouted the brother.

"Your honor, how can anyone get a fair trial in this atmosphere of terror and intimidation," exhorted Lawrence Weiss, Talamantez' attorney. "No jury could remain impartial in the face of all those guns and whistles and chains. And Your Honor, how can you be impartial when every time you come into this courtroom you are surrounded by a phalanx of armed guards. It's apparent from this entire proceeding that my client is already assumed to be guilty. I would like to move that Mr. Talamantez be accorded a fair and open hearing at the courthouse in the county seat of Marin."

Motion denied. Objection sustained. Affidavit filed writ of public defender official habeus corpus... The pig D.A. and judge droned on in their legal tongue. We could have been on the moon. It was fantastic. Here we were sitting in the middle of an armed concentration camp and these two fools were babbling this unintelligible shit that was supposed to make everyone feel at ease about the legal

safeguards to human life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. At last they finished and brother Talamantez turned to us and shouted "Power to the People!" We rose and responded in kind and again this sudden jolt of humanity shook the pigs and they stirred uneasily in their seats.

Tommy Lee Walker was next, a black brother, imprisoned in the California Youth Authority at fifteen. He was awaiting an eventual acquittal for the "crime" when he was charged and found guilty of assault on a fellow inmate within the confines of the Youth Authority. As he entered the San Quentin courtroom Tuesday there was once more a resounding response from the people. The brother seemed surprised to find fifty comrades in the room but he did his best to raise his two chained fists in solidarity. He was being charged with two counts of assault on a prison guard and his trial was set for September 28 in the Marin County Courthouse. The D.A. requested bail of \$20,000 on brother Walker who was to be moved to the Marin County Jail to stand trial. The public defender argued that, since the brother had never committed a crime outside of prison, bail should be significantly lower; particularly in view of the fact that Walker is black and has not been on the street since the age of fifteen. Judge Wilson wouldn't budge. Bail was set at \$10,000 with 'His Honor's' assurance that a high bond was never meant as a means of 'preventative detention,' but was simply a 'deterrent' for those who might seek to escape legal prosecution. Tommy Lee Walker was led

out to a round of clenched fists and shouts of "Off the Pig!" and the secret court was adjourned until September 10.

Outside the main gate 'Masai' Hewitt, Minister of Education for the Black Panther Party, was leading a discussion of the meaning of death in American society. There were some righteous accounts of personal experiences with pigs and some abstractions on the politics of killing individual pigs in the street, and then a white sister stood up and said "Thousands of white people are dying every day in America: at their typewriters and taperecorders, behind desks hidden in tiny offices—their death is the slowest and most painful of all." Secret trials and dead pigs in the street, meaningless jobs and sexual oppression—the illusions of our society are being stripped away. Behind the illusions we face a reality that is brutal and oppressive, and our only security lies in the knowledge that we are not alone in the struggle. We are desperate. By any means necessary is the only constant in our experience. Jonathan Jackson is our example, for he acted out of the most intense desperation.

On September 10 Louis Talamantez is scheduled for another secret hearing. Clearly he is not the guinea pig in these hearings. It is you and I who are being trained, comrades. Our people have learned to accept genocide in Viet Nam—so what's so bad about a few secret trials? Basta Ya! The responsibility of survival is upon us. Long Live Jonathan Jackson!

—TNW

... AND PUBLIC DEMANDS

Adjustment Center Segregated Unit:

Deprivations and Grievances

1. All A.C. cells are filthy and unsanitary. Roaches, mosquitoes, flies, bugs uncontrollable, left unchecked.
2. The placing of men in two remaining totally stripped cells, (1-AC-66) (1-AC-67) infested with hordes of roaches emanating from open floor holes at the whims of present B.C. personnel. Such inhuman chambers outlawed by federal judge in 1966 case at Soledad State Prison, in suit filed (Jordan x Fitzgerald) by convict Jordan against warden Fitzgerald, for similar existing conditions.
3. No regular employment of Mexican or Black A.C. personnel for more than half of confined convicts who are Mexicans & Blacks. Lack of communications of grievances with past and existing local regimes.
4. No conclusive programs whatever, or professional contributions of assistance, to men "sentenced" to remain indefinitely within the structure of the adjustment center unit.
5. Only two meals daily (cold), men often hungry, severe restrictions on canteen purchases.
6. Inadequate medical attention, medical attendants dash through and avoid men, ignore persistent convicts seeking attention to ailments, or asking for medicines other than aspirin.
7. NO group counseling, individual counseling, group therapy, religious services, proper school programs, appropriate reading material for A.C. library.
8. NO access to legal materials, proper legal forms, legal library, typewriting not available, completely dependent on authorities to make court deadlines or to file petitions. Often given run-around routine.
9. One-hour daily exercise except on Sundays, Holidays. Left to whims of officers in charge. No suitable recreations, except makeshift and invented contraptions.
10. All metal, wooden, glass items contraband — ink pens, toothpaste, hairbrushes, shaving brushes, shoe brushes, shaving materials

PG. 27 →



TRIBE RAID!

The Berkeley Police Department was all set to raid the Tribe office this week, and "bust heads."

The word came to us early Tuesday morning from somewhere inside the Hall of Justice.

According to our informant, there was to be a Tuesday evening meeting among police to discuss the raid.

The Tribe reacted by spreading the news to the other media, who then began calling the police and asking them for special press passes to cover the event.

Ramparts Magazine was ready to photograph things in living color, Tribe photographers were standing by breathlessly, and the Berkeley Monitor had its editor ready to provide coverage.

At the same time, Barbara Rhine, one of the Tribe's attorneys called the police to inform them that she had investigated the situation, and could find no legal basis on which any sort of a raid could be made.

People friendly to the Tribe called City Councilmen to inform them that the friendly Berkeley Police Department was getting ready to run amuck again.

As we go to press Thursday morning, the raid has not taken place, but there is evidence that the pigs are plenty pissed off.

First, their plans to raid Panther National Headquarters were ripped off and published in the Tribe last September. Then, a few weeks ago, someone got advance word of a crash pad on Parker St. that was to be busted, and posted a note on the door.

When the pigs arrived, all they found was an empty pad.

Now, they have been thwarted in their attempt to silence the Tribe. As one high-ranking Berkeley pig wailed to the Examiner last Sunday, "They seem to do a better job spying on us, than we do spying on them."

The advance warning the Tribe received, and the numerous other leaks from Police Headquarters indicate that all who work there are not in agreement with the Gestapo mentality of Chiefs Baker and Beale.

They realize that the Berkeley Police Department's major function is not to serve the people of Berkeley, but rather to be the military arm for the Sather Gate and Downtown business interests who want to destroy our youth culture, and make Berkeley safe for plastic Amerika.

The Berkeley Police Department will soon find itself in the same position that the U.S. Army and its Saigon flunkies found themselves in in Vietnam.

Every move they make will be known by the people hours in advance.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE'S SPIES!

(almost)

Vietnam

Art for War

To Huu entered the Vietnamese underground at 16. Now he is a party secretary of North Vietnam.

Art cannot be regulated by one single decision.

During the last twenty years we have tried in our writings to bring to light the thought and poetry of the people, for in the people is found our democratic tradition, beneath the overlay of the culture of the privileged classes.

In our political effort we have succeeded in assimilating this democratic idiom. In literary work we have only partially succeeded. Art and literature progress more slowly than politics. Our political and military weapons are superior to our poems in swiftness and striking power.

The fighter planes in the sky drown out our words.

On this account our tradition of resistance still finds strongest expression in the salvos of our cannon and in our fighting men.

There is trust in the rifle, the cannon, the hand grenade. Our words carry elements of uncertainty. Our military operations are precisely synchronized, one after the other. Our writing is a slow circling about, a listening, an answering.

We speak the language of the peasants. A language rich in invention but quite limited.

We live far from the advanced world. There are many things we understand only imperfectly. We do not know how life is in the developed countries. We do not know what the conditions are there for the struggle.

Being situated far from the advanced world there is only one possibility for us. The possibility of using force.

For us there is no path through legalism. We began the struggle in extreme degradation. From degradation we have progressed to poverty. From poverty we are working out for ourselves the basic values of existence. There is much we do not understand.

We do not understand those who measure everything in terms of money.

We ask ourselves, what else do they have besides money when they come parachuting down on our country.

Our struggle is different from the one in the Soviet Union, different from the one in China, in Cuba. Before us lies the Pacific Ocean, and its name is betrayal. From it comes everything that threatens us, all our pain.

Behind us, the mountains. Here we must live, between sea and mountains. Here we must hold fast, for us there is no long march; we must cling to our own soil.

We have not laid siege to the cities from the countryside. We have used the strength of the cities. The peasants' struggle has been united with the workers' armed resistance in the cities.

In Cuba the suffering of the people was the same as our suffering. Yet there the historical process preceding the revolution was much shorter, smaller. We love Cuba very much, in her hour of danger.

We talk a lot about patriotism. But what we are fighting for is the small man's patriotism, local patriotism. We don't ever forget that in this war for unity the workers' parties of the world are at stake.

While we are fighting we always keep in mind this great latent strength. We think of the workers, peasants, students, and intellectuals of Europe and America. We had to wait for five years before the people of South Vietnam had grasped the situation and started to counterattack. In the other lands of East Asia the conditions for revolutionary struggle have now been created.

Laos, Thailand, Cambodia will go the same way as Vietnam. The Indonesian people will also make a start toward freedom.

When the fighting is over we will get on with the work of construction that we started a decade and a half ago.

In our preparations we think of the South. In the South the poisoning of souls is worse than the physical dying.

Women in the South are forced to trample in the dirt the rights they have fought for.

Young people are again being forced to do slavish things.

Yet we know from experience that when the revolution comes, the old and the corrupt quickly disappear, often without a sign or sound.

We see it every day: many who had just been living in terror become fighters. Their faces change.

The faces of the women in the North are likewise marked by deprivation. They work hard, sleep little. And marked, too, are the faces of the young soldiers, the pioneers. And yet they mirror strength and confidence. They are masters of their own lives.

Their sisters and brothers in the South: someday they, too, will be entitled to rule their own land.

Someday the present struggle shall grow into peaceful activity. Needs for material goods will arise. Yet these wishes must never get the upper hand over the thinking, the ideological life.

If we do not preserve the values of this genuine freedom, then the hard-won achievements of the revolution will have been in vain.

When there are cities again, electric light, a tablecloth on the table, our resistance must be continued; we have to keep on growing, we must not sink back into quiescence.

Every day of repose is dangerous.

The rebuilding of our unspeakably ravaged land will require the efforts of all living generations.

A pause.

A moment of relaxation.

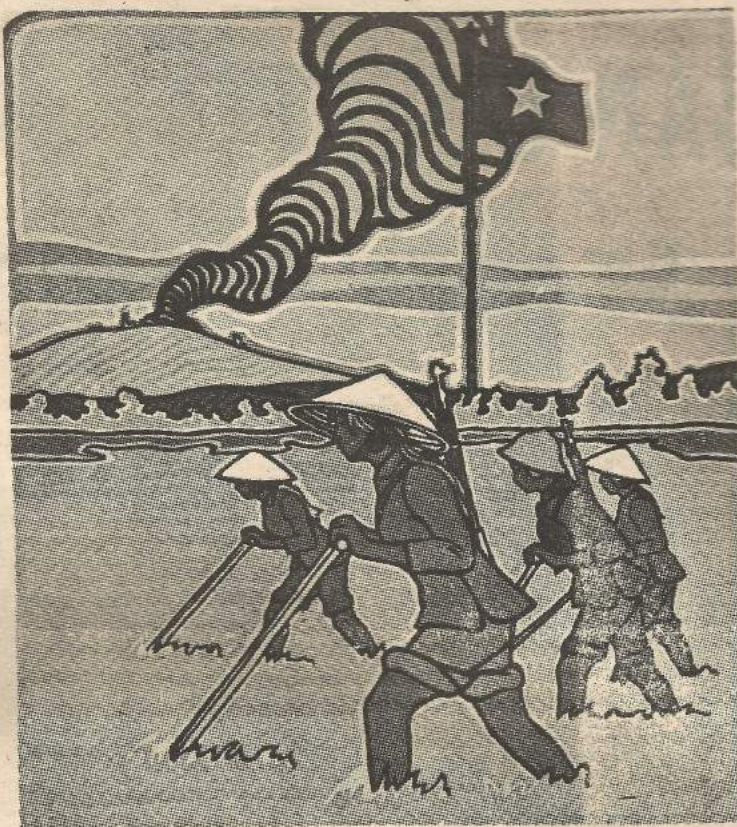
A legitimate wish.

But the enemy is not yet beaten.

It will be a long time before he is beaten.

We say to them who rise up against the reactionary regimes in their countries: 'You are the majority'.

When you are in possession of the truth, then you are the majority.



Declares

Sept. 2, 1945

Summer

Victories

Spiro Badnews said recently that a Communist takeover of Cambodia "would make it impossible for the Vietnamization program and the disengagement of American troops to take place if Cambodia falls." Just to prove it to us, the U.S. Government lifted the restrictions (?) on bombing missions inside Cambodia, so that our planes can now openly fly in support of Cambodian ground troops. This means that Cambodia will now be subject to the kind of saturation bombing that has already been given to Laos and Vietnam. The basis of the Indochinese People's Front is solidified daily by U.S. actions.

Every day the U.S. claims to have broken the enemy offensive against Phnom Penh, the Cambodian capital; now the guerrillas are five miles away. The only thing that stops them from capturing it is that they don't want to yet, they want to strengthen the resistance movement more first. The guerrillas have support from virtually all the people; they earn it by setting up public services whenever they are nearby, getting people to choose a government, and treating the people with complete respect. Then, a few days after a guerrilla group leaves an area, the U.S. saturates it with bombs and the point comes home even clearer.

This is the story that is brought back repeatedly by American correspondents who are captured by the guerrillas: Robert Anson, a Time reporter, is quitting his job because he can no longer cover the war when so many of his friends — he means the guerrillas and the Asian people — are being killed.

The sham of democracy is no longer pushed, it's beyond that already. The American press doesn't even give big play to the new South Vietnamese elections.

After the last ones, the leading peace candidate was put in jail. Not surprisingly, the pro-government slate won the vote. In the last election, members of the army got to vote twice. The elections are the occasion of the heaviest People's Army attacks in months — I thought their ability to attack was supposed to be destroyed for half a year?

In the three countries, U.S. and puppet troops are confined largely to big cities, and even those are not safe from popular attack. Every provincial capital in Cambodia has been occupied by guerrillas in the last few months, and Phnom Penh is cut off from the rest of the country (the government recommends that people plant food in their vegetable gardens, in preparation for the last siege). The American press only claims that the Laotian government controls 1/3 of Laos, so we can safely assume that they control about 10%. Bombings in Laos have been heavier than on any country.

Meanwhile, in Vietnam, Americans have been warned not to go out on the Saigon streets alone after dark: "anti-Americanism has long been a fashionable style of political address," said the Chronicle. More than political address: a South Vietnamese army doctor took over a hospital for six days, organized patients and soldiers to defend it, and shot at troops that tried to get them out, killing one G.I. Finally the Government had to blast its way through. And in Saigon 114 young people were arrested during a demonstration in which they burned military training offices on two campuses. According to G.I.s, the NLF holds frequent "people's festivals" in Central Saigon that go unmolested because the troops are afraid to attack them. The soul of the people...

—Rising Son

We can say we are happy
after a time of tearing down
our old ego
We have built ourselves
We have kept only
what was good
Thrown away all
that we could no longer use
We can say we are happy
Shaken open
We see the light
Also the dark
We see what was before
and see the future



"The spirit of the people is greater than the Man's technology."

Among the authors in the liberated zones of South Vietnam certain ones stand out by virtue of their formal ability and their craftsmanlike assurance. These writers all come from partisan ranks, and many of them are women. Their work is rapidly becoming known, in the northern part of the country too.

The uniqueness, the power of expression, and the artistic strength of these works for the most part are revealed less in their particularity than in their collective content. Innumerable pieces of work together make up a collective enterprise. Many different voices blend into a totality by means of which American propaganda is stifled.

For the most part in this work we learn about essences of the moment, about things not adaptable to a liberature of long-range perspective. What we read evokes the whisperings of men sitting together at night in a dugout. One tells about an attack on an enemy depot. A woman's voice, full of hate, describes a raid on the village by mercenaries. A humming. A melody unfolds. Several voices join the song. All in the awareness that there may have to be a quick pull-out at any moment.

The kind of work being evolved here cannot be measured according to usual literary standards. It is the collective utterance of a people ceaselessly at war.

One voice joins another, takes up a theme or a word. The familiar is repeated, a patriotic slogan, a quotation from a speech. It is supplemented by one's own deliberations; questions are posed about it; answers come from many sides. Exemplary accomplishments are talked about; propaganda goals crop up; agitation can be heard; yet among this, again and again, appear concrete material, objective inquiry, direct experience. The voices are always partisan, convinced. By the next hour the speaker may not be among the living.

The training of a new kind of person can be recognized in these statements, these experiments, these images suddenly popping up, these scraps of melody, bits of dialogue, these questions and exclamations.

In its awkwardness, its lack of style, in its striving for expression, in its break with all things esoteric, this literature is forming a new humanism. This literature represents the perseverance, the patience, the durability of powers that will not be conquered by inhuman conditions. It is the literature of the last world, the one we call the Third World, and the world that will become the strongest.

Reprinted from Notes on the Cultural Life of the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, by Peter Weiss

Independence



Fall Offensive

Backed up against the wall, the U.S. Military Machine has to do something drastic to keep itself in business in Southeast Asia. The invasion of Cambodia made the people's forces change their plans, but it significantly strengthened cooperation among the people of the three countries, and overextended the pig forces by another whole country. The toll is heavy and another move has to be coming. That means something like an invasion of Laos or North Vietnam, or dropping nuclear bombs on the North. Liberal politicians and scholars are talking about this possibility now, and the North Vietnamese find it serious enough to rap about it to every American who comes to Hanoi or Havana. To forestall it, the top Vietnamese negotiators are back in Paris, and the top Pathet Lao negotiator in Vientiane: they'd LIKE to end the fucking war.

We in the Father Country haven't ever really taken seriously the thought that we could actually be part of winning the war

for the people. We haven't taken too seriously what Huey said about poor nations being the countryside of the Amerikan empire, chopping it up as it reaches out just too far, leaving it open for those of us here to wipe it out finally.

For most of last year, we viewed fighting back, trashing windows, creating an atmosphere of violence which signified revolution, a victory. And it was true. But then Nixon invaded Cambodia, and we shut down Amerikan Education, and some of us got killed. Everybody was pretty surprised that so many people would let the Government get away with the shit it was trying to pull. Now we know we've gotta take ourselves a lot more seriously.

This summer we have been into other stuff. It's taken a lot of effort to build some kind of community defense against the pig rip-offs of the kids coming to Berkeley. From it has come trust among a larger group of people, and ideas about working together. People who don't want to come out now to free Bobby Seale are not going to forget the street patrols

when the next invasion happens. The food conspiracy, the free clinic, the crash pads are all things which will have a different importance as things get hotter. We will be glad we know people in the country when it gets illegal to open our mouths, and necessary to pick up our guns (and know how to use them).

If we're together this fall, the Superpigs will have to keep a lot of their firepower at home the next time they try to escalate in Asia. We should learn from Madison, where they had big mass demonstrations all last year against Defense Work on campus, while a small group of people burned down ROTC buildings and the largest ammunitions factory in the Midwest. Then, to usher in the new school year, they destroyed the Army Math building, one of last year's three main targets. There's something to learn there.

Better yet, why can't we coordinate what we do with the Indochinese with other parts of the movement here and have one offensive?

We should look around us to all the military installations in California: this state basically sends the war to Vietnam. If we can tie up to the G.I. movement, we can heavily cripple the Military's ability to carry on the war in Asia. The soldiers

are in turmoil: even the Government admits that there are 50,000 deserters. And it's everyone: although 54% of the army is draftees, only 36% of men in stockade are. Many who went in gung-ho are now pissed off.

Black Americans know, in their gut that a Vietnamese victory is their victory. We have to support the Soledad Brothers and Los Siete, not just because they should be free, but because we have to let lots of people understand about the liberation struggles of non-white people. The lessons we learn, the practice we get in working things out with these local brothers, we will have to apply to national and international issues. And we'd better know well how to make people understand what it means to be a black, brown, yellow or red person in a world dominated by very White Pigs. We also have a lot to learn from the Third World movements in the U.S. because they are so much more developed than ours; maybe if we learn it now we won't have to repeat the same mistakes later.

People are on the move. This weekend Black and Brown people attacked the Occupation Force in their communities. Pigs are freaking out, and it will be coming down heavier and heavier. We should prepare for our Fall Offensive.

September 4 - 11, 1970 / page nine

The trials coming out of the Grand Jury indictments of 12 Alameda County Deputy Sheriffs, for excessive piggery during the People's Park struggle last summer, are underway in San Francisco Federal Court.

Larry Riche, the baby-faced pig, is the first of the infamous Blue Meanies to stand trial for denying individuals their civil rights—to wit, attempting to kill William Rundle, an 18-year-old long hair, in cold blood with two blasts from a shotgun. Riche will also stand trial at a later date for the murder of James Rector, the shooting of two other demonstrators, and the beating of prisoners while they were in custody.

The indictments were some of the last to be brought down by black U.S. Attorney Cecil Poole, before he left office, and they have been severely

criticized by the Alameda County Supervisors. The Supervisors have gone so far as to contemplate paying the pigs' court costs.

In court, Pig Riche moves without tension like a man assured of exoneration—and why not with a jury which returns the smiles flashed at them by Baby Face and defense council.

Before Tuesday's afternoon session Riche and some of his sloppy pig buddies were discussing the Chicago Bears and the serious dedicated nature of eastern sportsfans, vacation plans were the last thing discussed before the comedy in twelve acts resumed in Courtroom 8. Hardly the conversation of a man fearing for his freedom.

The jury is lily white (with one exception) and elderly. It fidgets and gawks about the courtroom as they listen to what they appear to consider

insignificant details of how a long-haired creep got shot during "one of them riots, Martha." Some look as if they have been waiting for this opportunity to deal with the "Revolution" even if it's only to keep a cold-blooded pig out of prison and not something important like frying some commies.

The jurors appear fascinated with the few freaks in the gallery. They spend more time checking out non-involved spectators than listening to evidence. One woman juror, obviously middle class trying to look upwardly mobile, gazes at the younger long hairs with curl-lipped disgust. She, especially, singled out one young woman in the gallery who wasn't wearing a bra, for an extended grimace.

One gets the feeling that the spectators are on trial and not a murderous pig.

Everybody involved just wants to get the trial over, including the prosecutor,

who often looks mildly apologetic towards defense council, as he drags out fact after fact condemning Riche.

Baby Face just slouched out of boredom during the process of determining through medical records that Rundle, wounded in the hand, abdomen, and thigh, was shot with "Double O" buckshot and not birdshot. The pig has claimed in earlier statements to his superiors that he used the relatively non-lethal birdshot.

The major trend of the evidence brought against Riche, so far, is simply that on May 15, 1969, without provocation or just cause, he fired his buckshot-loaded shotgun into a crowd of 15-30 people which was retreating towards Chilton Way from the corner of Parker and Telegraph and in doing so severely wounded William Rundle.

During Tuesday's testimony Donald

RANDY vs. SWINE

Randy Williams, a Black Panther, is in the Alameda County Jail awaiting trial on nine counts of attempted murder of pigs and two counts of illegal possession of weapons. All this stemmed from an alleged shootout with the Oakland Pigs.

A bail hearing was held August 21 and Randy Williams got his bail lowered. But the ransom is still an astronomical \$75,000. Randy was originally held on \$200,000 bail, which was then lowered to

a more "reasonable" \$140,000.

The purpose of bail is not for preventive detention. Bail is set to assure that the defendant will appear in court.

When defense arguments for bail reduction were made, Judge Harold Hove refused to hear them. Williams has many of the pre-requisites for bail reduction. He has been married ten years, has six kids, and has lived in the East Bay since birth. Still, the Judge arbitrarily set bail

New York

For most of our lives we've been forced to stay hidden. Even if we come out of the closet, we stay in the village, or in other places set aside for gay people. As long as we're not obvious, the straights who rule this country allow us to exist. But every once in a while they decide to clean us up and chase us off the street. This month has been one of those times. But something is different now in the way gay people react. Since the Stonewall riot, gays have been moving. Saturday night, we made one of our biggest moves yet.

Forty-second street is one of our places. But the pigs have been busting us there for the past few weeks. So GLF, Radical Lesbians, The Third World Gay Liberation, and the Gay Activist Alliance got together for a demonstration. No one knew how many would show, if the pigs would come down heavy, or if the

straights would harass us. But we knew that if we didn't get ourselves out on that street, there would be no end to the pig's action. So 550 people marched down 42nd st. and back and around again. Chanting G-A-Y-P-O-W-E-R: Hey, Hey what do you say, try it once the other way: and others. The straights and pigs were too stoned by our strength and power to do anything but watch and read our leaflets.

We left 42nd St. and went down to the Pig Station that had done the harassment. We shouted at them for a while. Finally we decided to go down to Christopher Street.

We marched down 7th Avenue, growing more confident as we went. We stopped marching two by two as the pigs had told us to. We crossed against lights.

Everything had to get out of the way for the united gay people.

Most of us wanted this night to end on an accent power, so we decided to march around the Women's House of Detention, the biggest pig institution in the village. The people on the street were surprised to see us coming. A lot stood around and watched, unsure of what we were doing, or whether they wanted to get involved.

But many did join as we chanted "Hey, hey, ho, ho, House of D. has got to go" and "Free our sisters, free ourselves." We wanted to let the women there, both straight and gay, know that we support them, since their "crimes" against sexist Amerikan institutions are as much political acts as was our march.

Some people started running down Christopher toward Sheridan Square, banners and flags flying. The pigs came at

us with billy clubs swinging and we split.

Eighth St. was our next target. Lindsay had closed it off to traffic to attract more tourist money, but we made it a gay street instead. We did a big circle dance with about 50 people, and otherwise outraged the Midwesterners who had come to see "Fun City." At midnight, Lindsay's boys came to open the street back up to the exhaust fumes. But we were having too much fun to let them.

At about this point, we could see burning material coming out of the windows of the House of D. We shouted "Burn it down" and "9-7-5-3, Liberate the House of D." The women shouted "let us out." We can't do that yet, but some day.....

The pigs decided to clear the street. They drove us up on the sidewalk and then off the square entirely. A couple of

SWINE vs. MADISON

If You Can't Catch the Bombers, Jail Anyone! (P.S.: Fuck the Konstitution!)

The brothers and sisters of Madison, Wisconsin, have got a perfect record. They've used ripped off airplanes, ground guerilla firebombs, trucks full of dynamite and tons of imagination to get their imperialist targets. Even when they miss the first time, rather than perish in embarrassment, they just keep going back, using what they can to get what they want. The pigs don't have the same confidence, and they're scared pissless and shitless that THEY'LL perish in embarrassment if they don't soon pin the

rap on somebody. Or at least pin some rap on somebody, like enforce some law and order. So they've moved on Mark Knops, editor of the Madison Kaleidoscope, for being on the receiving end of some communiques from the New Year's Gang.

The latest bombing (which did \$600,000 worth of damage to the Army Math building) occurred on August 24. Three days later the Kaleidoscope carried a letter from the bombers in a special edition. Late that night Mark was subpoenaed by state and federal grand juries. He appeared before the State



Anderson, a recent graduate of Boalt Law School and former Captain in the Marine Corps, recounted how he had come upon the relatively calm scene of an overturned and burned car at the corner of Telly and Parker. He then stated that he observed Alameda storm troopers moving about the intersection carrying shotguns and operating a pepper fog machine. "After the pepper fog machine broke down," Anderson testified, "some people cheered, and the Sheriffs retreated with the exception of one who lagged behind, who deliberately raised his shotgun and fired into the crowd." During his observation, Anderson said he saw no objects being thrown and little, if any, provocative shouting by the people.

Another witness testified, "The sheriff took direct aim at me, because I was black, had shades on, and a goatee, I was obviously the different one." This witness

was standing behind an 11 or 12-year-old kid and Rundle, as the shot was fired. He observed Rundle fall.

One of the most dramatic aspects of the trial is the profusion of photographs, the best of which being those taken by an underground photographer, Robert Altman, of the actual shooting and aftermath.

In the end, Baby Face Riche, unlike the Panthers, black prisoners and freeks, has been able to get a jury of his peers. Because of this, in spite of the overwhelming volume of substantive evidence against him, he will get a fair trial. The trial will be so fair, in fact, judging from the juries outward attitudes, that he will probably not be convicted. Then again, the power structure might be sacrificing Riche, in order to use his conviction as a smokescreen of impartiality in the judicial system.



at \$75,000.

Hove also refused a defense motion that District Attorney Frank Vukota be held in contempt for continually stalling when the defense wanted to see witness statements and police reports, even though a court order had been issued for these things. But Hove did finally order Vukota (who railroaded Charles Bursey) to produce the material at a specified time.

Meanwhile, Randy's jailers continue to

pile on harassment. He's been in and out of the "hole" since his arrest. The deputies put him in solitary at every opportunity; there the only food is bread and milk twice a day.

One time he was attacked by an inmate who'd gone berserk. But it was Randy who got sent to the hole. The last time he got it was for a letter he sent cautioning someone not to mention personal things in future letters. The pigs

read it, hassled him about the letter and the stamps that were upside down, and sent him to the hole.

It's been like that since the start. When he had a broken nose and concussion, the pigs said he didn't need a doctor. "If I were down there, you wouldn't HAVE a client," Pig Sgt. Mast told Randy's lawyer.

Randy is also hassled about how his bed is made and other petty bullshit. When his wife visits him, they refuse to

let her see him, saying that on restriction—even if he's not.

Still, Randy's in good spirits, according to his lawyer, Michael Kelley. "He has a real feeling for the people around him and is doing much better than anyone could expect."

People who would like to work on the defense committee or send money for his ransom should contact Michael Kelley at 2905 Telegraph in Berkeley.

—Otis



bottles came down on top of us, at least one thrown by a pig who was stationed on a roof. One black brother was viciously beaten without apparent reason, and his blood stained the street. Various people smeared his blood on their faces to let the pigs know we would not forget.

People started hurling bottles back at the pigs. An undercover pig grabbed one brother out of the crowd and several of them started beating on him. Two gays rushed out to help him and got attacked themselves. Meanwhile, some people took advantage of the occupied pigs and looted a record store. The pigs then cleared the street, arresting several people.

The action moved back to Christopher St., where people started running, and breaking windows, and taking jewelry. Two cars were overturned. Gay rage, held back for too long, was breaking out all

over.

By the time it was quiet, 18 arrests had been made, and 6 pigs and 2 people were injured. IN the police station, some of those arrested were brutally beaten and others left alone, depending entirely on the whim of the pig who made the arrest. GLF's lawyer was there to help anyone busted in the demonstration. He did all he could, despite harassment the pigs gave him. Only three people had bail set, \$500 each. They are all out now thanks to a depleted GLF community center fund.

Sunday night: GLF meeting 300 people marched down to Village to show the gay community it wasn't a one-shot thing. 2 hours toward the end of it there was some trashing & other acts. But for 2 hours that they were down there the gay people controlled the street and the pigs weren't able to do anything.



Grand Jury the next day in Welworth County. The governor meanwhile had written the Welworth DA to say there was (the usual) conclusive proof that there was (don't be surprised) a conspiracy linking the latest bombing to the earlier offing of an administration building at the Whitewater campus of the state university. Since the Grand Jury hearings are secret, Mark had to answer without the help of his lawyers. When he took the Fifth Amendment, the DA promptly granted him immunity from prosecution. Simple Konstitutional magic, when you're immune from

prosecution, you can't incriminate yourself, so no more Fifth Amendment.

Faced with this new situation, Mark invoked his First Amendment rights as journalist to keep his sources confidential. The Judge thought for a moment, then the question mark above his head turned into a light bulb, and he scratched the konstitution like a bookie sending a filly to the glue factory. "If we have a choice between law and order and the first amendment, then something's got to give," he reasoned pensively. Contempt of court for Mark Knops; six months in jail. All over in three days,

with a special Sunday session to see that justice got done pronto. A number of reporters from the straight press, fearing for their own confidential sources (that is, anybody but the government), testified in support of Mark's right as an editor, but to no avail.

The Madison pigs are moving out from their attack on Mark to a general onslaught of repression against the youth community in Madison. Some sixty FBI pigs swarmed around the Mifflin Street youth neighborhood for two intensive days, walking into people's apartments without warrants or warnings

and hassling people by name on the street. (They saw Mark's girlfriend on the street and told her she'd better talk to them if she ever wanted to see him again). The Mayor keeps on raving that the Mifflin Street folks knew all about the bombing the day before it happened and were happy about it, even dancing in the street. Who knows, but nobody's talking. Kaleidoscope is alive and well, and it doesn't take a fortune teller or a secret message from the underground to predict that the revolution will keep growing and the bombs won't stop till the last target's gone.

GAY RAGE VS. N.Y. SWINE

Bright's

Flight

For years we heard about the Dipsea Trail from our father. A beautiful hike from Mill Valley, through Muir Woods, and over the hills to the sea. But we'd never been on it.

So Sunday we got up early, all ready for a nice quiet walk in the woods. But when we got the Mill Valley there were "a thousand people in the street", as the Springfield once said. All wearing track shoes, sweat shirts, and shorts. The place looked like Olympic Village.

One day a year there's a race over the Dipsea Trail—and we'd managed to pick that one day. We'd gotten about a mile before we heard the sound of footsteps. But the footsteps went by real quick. A white-haired man in red shorts whooshed by, haulin' ASS. A while later came men, women, and children—till it gained the appearance of the biggest, fastest lynch mob you can imagine. We stepped off to the side and just watched them go by, glad they weren't after us.

They were after Norm Bright, the flash in red shorts. Bright and a number of others who were either very young or old had gotten a 15 minute head start. Since Bright is in his 60s it might seem he'd need more than that. But though there were over a thousand runners, even some from the Olympic team, nobody ever caught Norm Bright.

He went seven miles over that thin, slippery, steep, and treacherous path in under an hour. "I've never seen a worse trail than this," said my wife, who's been hiking practically since birth. And, indeed, there were quite a few falls and injuries along the damp trail.

Some younger fellows had faster times than Bright but with his handicap he won the race. Two actually bettered the record time of 47 minutes and 22 seconds that has held up since 1937.

After the horde had gone by, we continued our walk, finally arriving tired in Stinson Beach. The awards had just been passed out by Miss Dipsea 1970. We congratulated Mr. Bright on his win. He remembered us from his fleeting glimpse of us on the trail. He said he'd run over 1900 miles (the distance between the Pacific Ocean and the Mississippi River) to prepare for this year's race.

But it wasn't like he was gettin' "up" for just this one year. Later we heard that the guy who'd set the speed record in 1937 was young Norm Bright.

Here's a few tips for the woods that might be of help this summer. If you get hit with poison oak here's a proven cure. Pick a bunch of leaves from a madrone tree. Madrones are the ones that have reddish bark, often growing with several trunks growing from the main one. They have big shiny dark green leaves and don't lose them in the winter. Put the leaves in water and boil until water is slimy black. It will be watery so dab it on affected areas with disposable cotton or something wherever it itches. In 3 to 6 days, depending on how far gone it was, you'll be cured.

I was told eucalyptus buttons, those bell-shaped little things on the branches, are natural flea repellents. Make a pretty collar for your pet.

Another proven cure we picked up during a dysentery epidemic in New Mexico is black pepper for the shits. Put one teaspoon to one tablespoon of pepper in water and chug a lug. A tablespoon is better but a teaspoon will work for a few hours.

If you're thinking of camping near Mendocino, try the Navarro River. You'll really dig it. Rte 128 off Rte 1 or Rte 101 (not half as groovy). You don't need no money, people on the river got plenty to give. Remember we are Indians. All power to the lovers of the land.

—Jezebel

Navarro

Camped down by the Navarro River under the redwoods, where the freak population is about 200 and expanding, owned by a logging company. Hardly any hassles or busts and people have camped lived and loved there for three months now. Many plan to stay on thru September-Oct.

On a sandy earth floor with leafy ceiling, sharing mexican export with our sisters and brothers, we ate good organic food over a campfire. But we had to get our water from a stream across the river. That real fine green river water will make you sick. Quick. Let's try not to fuck up our water, people. You know all phosphates pollute. Bio-degradable soap is sold in almost all health food stores. Lots of us say, "Man, it's too expensive," but what does that mean? A couple of the man's bucks for all purpose cleanser that goes a long way and won't fuck our earth and water. Okay, if you don't have the money at all I can dig it. Rip some off. Plain old baking soda will get your dishes and clothes clean too. Nine cents a box.

Mountain Women

Last week a group of us mountain-loving freaks headed out to the Sierras to dig on the clean air and fresh streams and the beauty of the high country. We hiked in 18 miles to camp in a canyon near a rushing waterfall and meadows like strawberry fields, surrounded by jagged 12,000 ft. peaks. But we found out that camping in the wilderness made us fall back into the fucked-up masculine/feminine roles that we had been struggling to overcome back in the city.

It seemed pretty important to us that we all learn something about living in the wilderness and surviving away from the plastic comforts of Amerikan cities—most of which are unnecessary if we're all to develop ourselves as full human beings that women overcome the bullshit frailty trip that we can't hike the distances men can and that we break out of the role of doing all the cooking and light chores around camp while the men do the heavy stuff and build the campfire, etc.

We found that women can get in shape for hiking simply by doing it, and pushing ourselves a little harder. Our bodies can do amazing things when we start using them and getting the kind of physical exercise men do. And women can learn to build good fires just as well as the man, and should just insist on doing so, instead of sitting back and letting the men build the fire like we did.

But what we also learned is that the other side of women becoming liberated from their oppressive role is that men have to be liberated from "macho" roles and attitudes. This can lead to super-individualist trips and can be very inconsiderate of other members of the group. For instance, although we should all try to become strong people, able to take care of ourselves, that doesn't mean that the weaker members of the group

(usually the women) should be left by the side of the trail without any food, if they are unable to hike as fast as the more experienced campers.

This is what happened to our group—no provision was made ahead of time for everyone to carry equal shares of the food—even when some of the better hikers were aware that not everyone could hike 18 miles and climb 4,000 feet in one day like they could. They became too concerned with proving they could make it themselves and neglected the slower hikers, who never did reach the camp. When such an attitude is taken, it seems more similar to the old "survival of the fittest"—and fuck the weak—hardly the kind of attitude that builds a new communal society.

This competitive proving of strength was also shown in the way the men in the group spent most of the time climbing all the mountain peaks near by. They were conquering nature in the Western individualist tradition, instead of learning to flow with the natural world—slowing down to the tempo and gentleness of the woods—really getting into the peacefulness all around them—more like the way the Indians lived on the land. The rest of us found that dropping acid just naturally put us in touch with this flow.

Men's liberation also means men learning to be gentle and understanding—considerate of other people's weaknesses instead of only relating to their strengths. Men in this society have learned the role of acting strong and tough—hiding their own weaknesses, which they cannot face and deal with, so they are unable to relate to the weaknesses of others and help them to overcome them in a loving way. The men in the group could only joke about the people who didn't make it 18 miles to the camp—they weren't concerned with people who were "failures", they said. We can all see how fucked-up relationships built only on competing to be strong and tough are: we're all products of inferiority complexes of some kind or another because we're not as good in something as someone else, or as successful or as popular.

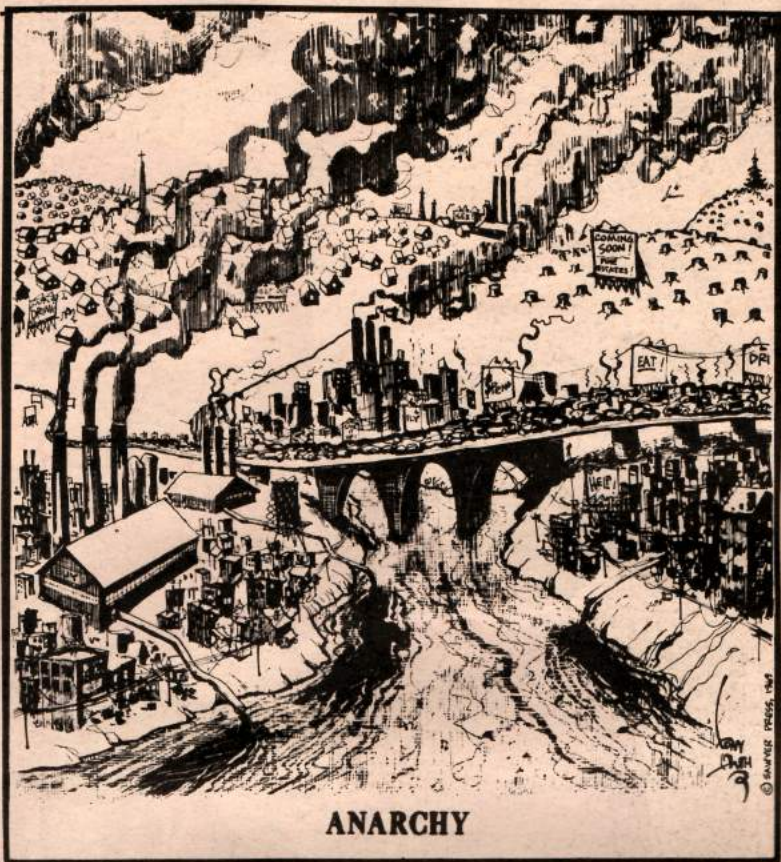
But it's only Western culture that traps men and women in this macho-toughness role. The Vietnamese people are good examples of strong, fighting revolutionaries, who are also very gentle, sympathetic people. We should all strive to be like them.

It's going to become even more important for us as the repression coming down gets heavier to help each other get stronger. At the same time we must deal communally and gently with our weaknesses, because it's going to get harder and harder to go it alone. So when you take off with your brothers and sisters to the woods, care for each other—make certain no one gets exhausted on the hike and can't go on; teach each other the skills each knows best; share the chores around camp; and groove on the peacefulness and beauty of the country. And it will probably help you return to the city with more of a vision of what the hell you're fighting off.

—B. Devlin

EARTH READ-OUT





Rocksonic

Back in '66 when I started goin' to rock concerts, the greatest possible event was a "Quick and the Dead" concert. We'd load up on weed in the car, pay Chet or Bill some money, go in, and trip, sing, scream, and dance for five or six hours. It was the ultimate rock orgasm.

If you'd told me four years ago that the Grateful Dead and Quicksilver Messenger Service would someday star in a "special" on Channel five, I'd have thought you insane. After all, it was underground culture, too fuckin' wild for the TV creeps.

But there they were on the Tube Sunday night with Swamp Dogg and Jerry Abrams' Headlights. And it was outtasite! Pigpen on prime time TV!

Strange changes have come down.

When the bands first started playin', it was music for dropouts. Now the businessmen are using it to convince us to drop back IN!

To enjoy the show in all the glory of its quadroponic sound, you needed a small arsenal of stereo equipment. Several radios and a color TV arranged in a circle around you, according to the demonstration. We made do with a black and white TV and a table radio—and thought we were well off.

The program was "brought to you by" the maker of quadroponic tape machine. They explained the stereo would soon be obsolete, but for "only \$695" we can prepare for the quadroponic future. And then we'll enjoy aural orgasms for ever more. At least until Pentagonic sound makes EVERYTHING obsolete.

Of course, some of us dropouts might not have \$695. So there was a commercial urging us to check out our local schools for courses in computer programming, etc. Then we could drop

IN during the day to make our \$695 and drop OUT at night with our Super Sound System. Sorta like schizoid behavior under the banner of psychedelic capitalism.

Seems like the businessmen are gettin' a bit nervous. Like they can see that "Rock'n' Roll is here to stay." But I don't think they're so sure about their economic system—what will all this living and lack of consumer-consciousness. So they're tryin' to get a piece of the hippy action. Like Hugh Hefner (of Playboy, Pepsi Generation, and Sexist Pig fame) trying to buy Rolling Stone Magazine.

But there are some problems "getting these kids back in the system." "Cause the pied pipers are pipin' the wrong tunes. On the program Quicksilver did a very heavy song of the need for revolution. "Whatch gonna do about me?", they screamed, running down all that's wrong with Amerika. The song was directed against the "sponsors" among others, but I think Mr. Tape Deck D. Jones had his earphones

by Bruce Kossin

The Killers

"The Killers" is a movie whose time has come. When it was released in 1964 it was dismissed by most critics because the director, Don Siegal, had profaned the memory of the great Hemingway by daring to use the title of one of his most famous short stories for a movie that had nothing to do with that story. But now that Hemingway's reputation has slipped somewhat, and Siegal, especially since a retrospective of his films at the National Film Theater, in London, is considered something more than just a director of hack action flicks "the killers" can be seen with the appreciation it deserves.

What Siegal did was to borrow from the story the idea of a man who knew he was going to be killed and did nothing to avoid his fate, and add to it a whole new story of his own. On the surface it is similar to many Hollywood caper movies, but just as he transformed "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers" from a simple science fiction story to an allegory on McCarthy and cold-war paranoia, here he uses the action movie form to make all sorts of points about the American way of life, about how some men manipulate and destroy other people's lives in order to achieve wealth and respectability, and how they force women to use their beauty and sexual availability to aid them in their intrigues.

The villain is Ronald Reagan, and why he chose to play in this film only two

years before running for governor will be an eternal mystery. The character he plays is one of the rottenest swine ever to appear on the silver screen. He Leats up his wife — marvelously played by Angie Dickenson — and forces her to sleep with a racing car driver (John Cassavetes) so that he can use him as a getaway driver in a heist (Reagan dresses up as a highway cop) of a payroll truck. After leaving Cassavetes for dead in a ditch, he heads for sunny California, where he sets himself up in a respectable business complete with bodyguards.

According to Siegal, Reagan did the movie as a favor, did not enjoy working on it, and absolutely hated it when he saw the completed film. And yet, as if to exemplify Oscar Wilde's theory that life imitates art, there is much resemblance between the Reagan of the film and Ronnie as governor. After all, it's his guts and cunning, combined with the total absence of humanity which appeals to property owning Californians as being necessary to deal with radicals, blacks and welfare chiselers.

In addition, Lee Marvin is great as Reagan's nemesis, tirelessly and relentlessly tracking down the villains. Any decent leftist will be gratified at the scene in which Reagan, having slapped Angie Dickenson around, is parked against the wall by Cassavetes' right hook.

"The Killers" is playing at the Telly Rep til next Wednesday.

on.

There's nothing about the joyous, maddening, black magical music of Quicksilver that could induce you to drop back in. There's nothing about the lifestyle of the Grateful Dead that makes you yearn for the air-conditioned sterility of a computer office. There's nothing in Jerry Abrams' flasing acid tinged lights that could make the monotony of bourgeois life look brighter.

So thanks for the show, "sponsors." I really enjoyed it, tripped the whole way. The Dead were right on time; Quicksilver crazed our already unstable minds; and Headlights put on the best light show I've seen—even in black and white. So keep those shows comin'. They're mighty nice and I like the price.

But if I ever do buy that \$695 machine (which I doubt), it'll be 'cause I ripped off one of your capitalist brothermotherfuckers. Ain't workin' on Maggie's farm no more.

Otis.

FOOD

for

THOUGHT

REMEMBER hearing about how much protein there is in soybeans? It's true, it's true and if you're hassled by the length of time involved you should try roasting them. It only takes minutes and they're super delicious... better than roasted peanuts, and cheap.

ROASTED SOYBEANS

Put a little soy oil in a frying pan
Put soybeans in to cover bottom (like baking popcorn or roasting sunflower seeds)
Use medium heat, stir so they brown evenly
When they pop and turn a deep brown they're done
Pour into a paper bag, add sea salt to taste and shake
Sprouted soybeans are even healthier and be sure to make lots 'cuz they go real fast

ANOTHER QUICK ENERGY FOOD that's complete protein are bean sprouts, real cheap in the stores and easy to make at home. Takes 3-6 days. Seeds are quicker than beans. Just make sure they're SPROUTING seeds or beans. Same process as in sprouting marijuana. We planted all our sprouted marijuana seeds but imagine they'd make stoned eating. Fresh, crisp sprouts are so good in salads.

BEAN SPROUTS

Soak seeds several hours or overnight
Sprinkle with damp paper towel
Be sure to leave enough space for the sprouts to grow
Place in an air-tight container — must be kept dark and humid
In three days, uncover, and sprinkle with water
Then cover with clear plastic and let it soak in the sunrays to do the chlorophyll trip
When done they should keep in the refrigerator for about a week to ten days. Alfalfa seeds will be ready in 4-5 days. Soybeans and marijuana take a few days longer. LIVE BETTER ORGANICALLY AND DON'T FORGET TO SMASH THE STATE.



september 4 - 11, 1970/page thirteen

Self Purge & Self Discipline



JACK FORREST (Dep. Min. Education, Detroit)

August 12, 1970

TIME OF SELF-PURGE AND SELF-DISCIPLINE

I waited 'till now to write this shit, 'cause I wanted to get my jail legs first. But I got my office set up now in my cell with pictures of Eldridge, Kathleen, Huey, Linda Evans and Dianne Donghi—plus pictures of my powerful other half, Genie—all pasted on my wall. So I think I'm ready to get down.

I think we owe the people of the youth colony an explanation as to how and why we got busted, what we learned from being underground, and what mistakes we made that lead to getting captured.

I can't say where we were going or where we had been. It's enough to say we were in Northern Michigan, heading north. It was hotter than hell. We stopped to get a 6-pack. I had to piss—we stopped on the exit of the expressway. We were in a hurry, so we didn't go to a gas station, tho there was one about 100 yards from where we stopped. I took a piss, one of my companions threw out three beer cans, and I threw one out. Well, the cat who worked in the gas station was a righteous ecology freak, and he saw us throw the cans. He got righteously indignant and started hollering about "GOD-Damned Litterbugs." Well, I got back, picked up two cans and held them over my head to try to cool the cat out—and off we went. Sure enough, as we were going past the station back to the freeway, a state pig was pulling into the station. On we went and within a moment we were pulled over. The state cop told us we could either go back and pick up the other two cans or we could go to jail. Needless to say, we followed the cop back to pick up the cans but by the time we got there the ecology cat had picked up all the shit. So the pig did a little number about checking the driver's I.D. and the registration. He gave us this lecture about being knee-deep in beer cans. And the driver was out there "Yes sir, no sir, thank you sir, sure enough sir, won't happen again sir," and the cop cut loose.

Two hours later we were in the Upper Peninsula cruising. We passed an intersection and there was a sheriff's car there. The deputy's mouth dropped about a foot as we went by. And he came up right behind us, light and siren going. The driver jumped out and went back to the cop car immediately. When all this

was going down I had forgotten completely about the beer can caper of a few hours before. I kind of thought it was a typical hippie hassle, you dig? I looked into the rear-view mirror and saw the brother leaning on the passenger side. I checked out the mirror again and saw the deputy had a service revolver against the brother's forehead. I woke up the brother in the back and told him some shit was coming down. About this time another pig car comes wheeling up like Broderick Crawford. He starts talking on his outside speaker "Come out of the truck real slow or we will blow this man's head off." The rest is just madness. Super-paranoid pigs with M1's and shotguns scared shitless, oinking about Hands Up, Hands Up—lean against the car feet spread." They pat us down. "All right, hands behind your back, hands behind your back." Click, click, click, handcuffs. We were jammed tight!

Now the reason for trying to deal with this is for other brothers and sisters to try and learn from our mistakes. If the people can see what went wrong, then they will avoid these mistakes when they may have to go underground. If we don't learn from these mistakes, then this is truly a setback. These mistakes can be the groundwork for the beginning of a people's victory, a victory in the court battle between the forces of reaction, the CIA, and the forces of revolution, the White Panther Party. From a small step backward we can make a new thrust forward.

Let's look at the objective reasons why we were captured. First of all, and this ought to be clearly understood, the FBI had no informer, no leads, no information as to where I was. From all the info we could gather, after the state cop stopped us for the beer can fiasco, he radioed to Ann Arbor to check the I.D. of the driver. The Ann Arbor pigs said the description of the driver fit me—six feet 165 pounds, long hair and beard (Honkies relate to freaks the same way they relate to blacks. We all look alike). So with one radio call, all the forces of the state were mobilized in one area. Now there is certainly a lesson to be learned: the man has got his communication together, he's got himself organized, and he's got his mobility and firepower together. If we hope to deal with this shit, we've got to get our organization, our discipline, and our community together. I left out mobility and firepower because that has to do with tactics, and our tactics will



SKIP TAUBE, Minister of the Interior,
White Panther Party



t Branch, WPP), PUN PLAMONDON, AND SKIP TAUBE

obviously be different from the pigs. Tactics depend on strategy, and strategy depends on what stage the struggle is in, so we can't go into this shit lightly.

Some of the more obvious stupid ass dumb motherfucking reasons we were busted. First of all, the killer understatement of all time, we shouldn't have thrown out the beer cans. We shouldn't have been drinking beer, and I shouldn't have been with two well-known party members. I should only have travelled at night, I should have been disguised, I should have pissed in the gas station. The primary cause is bourgeois individualism, and that was manifested in lack of revolutionary discipline.

Where does this individualism come from and how do we fight it? It comes from living for fifteen or twenty or twenty-five years in the asshole of the great white octopus. It comes from living in a class society and being raised in a bourgeois class. It comes from thinking of ourselves first and the masses of people second. "Fuck you and Hurrah for me!" is the way we say it in Traverse City.

We have long since made up our minds to be revolutionary. To do this we must move our feet to the side of the most oppressed people. It's hard to work constantly in the interests of the people.

There are tools we can use to hack away this dead meat, the poison of individualism. We must strip ourselves naked and understand what motivates us. We've been bombarded with bullshit images and taught weird, perverted roles to play. Purging ourselves of this is a lifelong task. To cleanse ourselves of racism, chauvinism, macho and pig consciousness is our first task in our revolutionary development. Until then we will be less than revolutionary, and less than human.

The revolutionary collective should be the order of the day. Here we learn righteous democratic discipline. We learn to think in terms of what is good for the collective, not what is good for the individual. We learn to submit to what is the will of the majority and the will of the people. Criticism-self-criticism is a weapon that rids the collective of individualistic thinking and incorrect ideology.

The study of revolutionary history, the people's history, is another tool that combats individualism. It instills us with revolutionary fervor, and teaches us what may be expected of us, through the trials other people were subjected to on their road to liberation. People's history is the

foundation for building the ideology we need to organize and educate the people into one force and one spirit.

In closing, I'd like to get out one more thing: macho. This is the most difficult part for me, the part I understand the least. But it's the part that can and has fucked us up the most. Macho, the image dudes have of themselves, the bullshit that makes up the ideal man. Maybe I can run it down better by giving an example.

While I was underground, I sent back to our National Headquarters articles, tapes, etc. I was playing the role of the badass, swashbuckling outlaw. I never mentioned the times I felt most alone. I never mentioned the paranoia I felt when smoking dope with people I didn't know but had to trust. I never mentioned the all too infrequent visits from my other half—how I would cry knowing she would have to leave in a few short hours or days. I wasn't honest with myself or other people. There was an image I tried to fulfill, Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, Zapata, Che—whoever and however I thought a revolutionary should be and act. Posters, articles, poems, shit in the underground and aboveground press all helped to add to the dream. I think it's not unlike the same image many of us have of the revolution—streetfighting, marching through the mountains, getting wounded—all those weird Hollywood images.

Of course, the problem with this is that we have our minds made up about reality, and then when reality don't jive with our dreams, we're fucked. Dig?

The time has come for us to have both our feet on the ground, look straight ahead, learn self-reliance, self-determination, self-defence, self-discipline.

Going underground is damned hard. It's not much fun. You don't get to listen to music like you usually do, you don't get to fuck like you usually do, you don't get to eat like you usually do—hang out, dress, grow your hair. It's a big chance but it's got to be done—and be done by more and more and more people. It can be done indefinitely if we keep our assholes tight and our heads together. When the time comes, SEIZE IT!

POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
FREE CHAIRMAN JOHN—
FREE CHAIRMAN BOBBY
FREE ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS AND
PRISONERS OF WAR

Pun Plamondon
Minister of Defense
White Panther Party

The White Panther Party is in urgent need of funds. Four members of the Central Committee are now prisoners of war. Skip Taube, Minister of the Interior, is facing federal charges of Harboring and Concealing a Fugitive and Accessory After the Fact, Detroit Regional Deputy Minister of Education Jack Forrest is facing both those charges plus a federal conspiracy rap to blow up the CIA Building in Ann Arbor (he's also facing a state bombing charge). Chairman John Sinclair, presently serving a 9½ to 10 year sentence for possession of two joints is also facing the CIA conspiracy rap, and Defense Minister Pun Plamondon is charged with conspiracy to bomb as well as the actual bombing of the CIA Building. They are innocent, and the White Panther Party intends to prove it, at the same time exposing the REAL conspiracy that the CIA perpetrates all over the planet.

All the trials are coming up in October and November. Lots of bread is needed to conduct the proper kind of legal defense. Send all contributions to:

WHITE PANTHER PARTY LEGAL DEFENSE
1520 HILL STREET,
ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN, 48104

FREE ALL PRISONERS OF WAR!



PUN PLAMONDON, Minister of Defense,
White Panther Party

A LETTER FROM HUEY TO THE REVOLUTIONARY BROTHERS AND SISTERS ABOUT THE WOMEN'S LIBERATION AND GAY LIBERATION MOVEMENTS

During the past few years, strong movements have developed among women and among homosexuals seeking their liberation. There has been some uncertainty about how to relate to these movements.

Whatever your personal opinions and your insecurities about homosexuality and the various liberation movements among homosexuals and women (and I speak of the homosexuals and women as oppressed groups), we should try to unite with them in a revolutionary fashion. I say "whatever your insecurities are" because, as we very well know sometimes our first instinct is to want to hit a homosexual in the mouth and want a woman to be quiet. We want to hit the homosexual in the mouth because we're afraid we might be homosexual; and we want to hit the woman or shut her up because we're afraid that she might castrate us, or take the nuts that we might not have to start with.

We must gain security in ourselves and therefore have respect and feelings for all oppressed people. We must not use the racist type attitude like the White racists use against people because they are Black and poor. Many times the poorest White person is the most racist, because he's afraid that he might lose something, or discover something that he doesn't have; you're some kind of threat to him. This kind of psychology is in operation when we view oppressed people and we're angry with them because of their particular kind of behavior, or their particular kind of deviation from established norm.

Remember, we haven't established a revolutionary value system; we're only in the process of establishing it. I don't remember us ever constituting any value that said that a revolutionary must say offensive things towards homosexuals, or that a revolutionary should make sure that women do not speak out about their own particular kind of oppression. Matter of fact it's just the opposite: we say that we recognize the women's right to be free. We haven't said much about the homosexual at all, and we must relate to the homosexual movement because it's a real thing. And I know through reading and through my life experience, my observations, that homosexuals are not given freedom and liberty by anyone in the society. Maybe they might be the most oppressed people in the society.

And what made them homosexual? Perhaps it's a whole phenomena that I don't understand entirely. Some people say that it's the decadence of capitalism. I don't know whether this is the case; I rather doubt it. But whatever the case is, we know that homosexuality is a fact that exists, and we must understand it in its purest form: That is, a person should have freedom to use his body in whatever way he wants to. That's not endorsing things in homosexuality that we wouldn't view as revolutionary. But there's nothing to say that a homosexual cannot also be a revolutionary. And maybe I'm now

injecting some of my prejudice by saying that "even a homosexual can be a revolutionary." Quite on the contrary, maybe a homosexual could be the most revolutionary.

When we have revolutionary conferences, rallies and demonstrations there should be full participation of the gay liberation movement and the women's liberation movement. Some groups might be more revolutionary than others. We shouldn't use the actions of a few to say that they're all reactionary or counterrevolutionary, because they're not.

We should deal with the factions just as we deal with any other group or party that claims to be revolutionary. We should try to judge somehow, whether they're operating sincerely, in a revolutionary fashion, from a really oppressed situation. (And we'll grant that if they're women, they're probably oppressed.) If they do things that are un-revolutionary or counter-revolutionary, then criticize that action. If we feel that the group in spirit means to be revolutionary in practice, but they make mistakes in interpretation of the

revolutionary philosophy, or they don't understand the dialectics of the social forces in operation, we should criticize that and not criticize them because they're women trying to be free. And the same is true for homosexuals. We should never say a whole movement is dishonest, when in fact they're trying to be honest, they're just making honest mistakes. Friends are allowed to make mistakes. The enemy is not allowed to make mistakes because his whole existence is a mistake, and we suffer from it. But the women's liberation front and gay liberation front are our friends, they are potential allies, and we need as many allies as possible.

We should be willing to discuss the insecurities that many people have about homosexuality. When I say "insecurities", I mean the fear that they're some kind of threat to our manhood. I can understand this fear. Because of the long conditioning process which builds insecurity in the American male, homosexuality might produce certain hangups in us. I have hangups myself about male homosexuality. Where, on the other hand, I have no hangup about

female homosexuality. And that's phenomena in itself. I think it's probably because male homosexuality is a threat to me, maybe and the females are not threat.

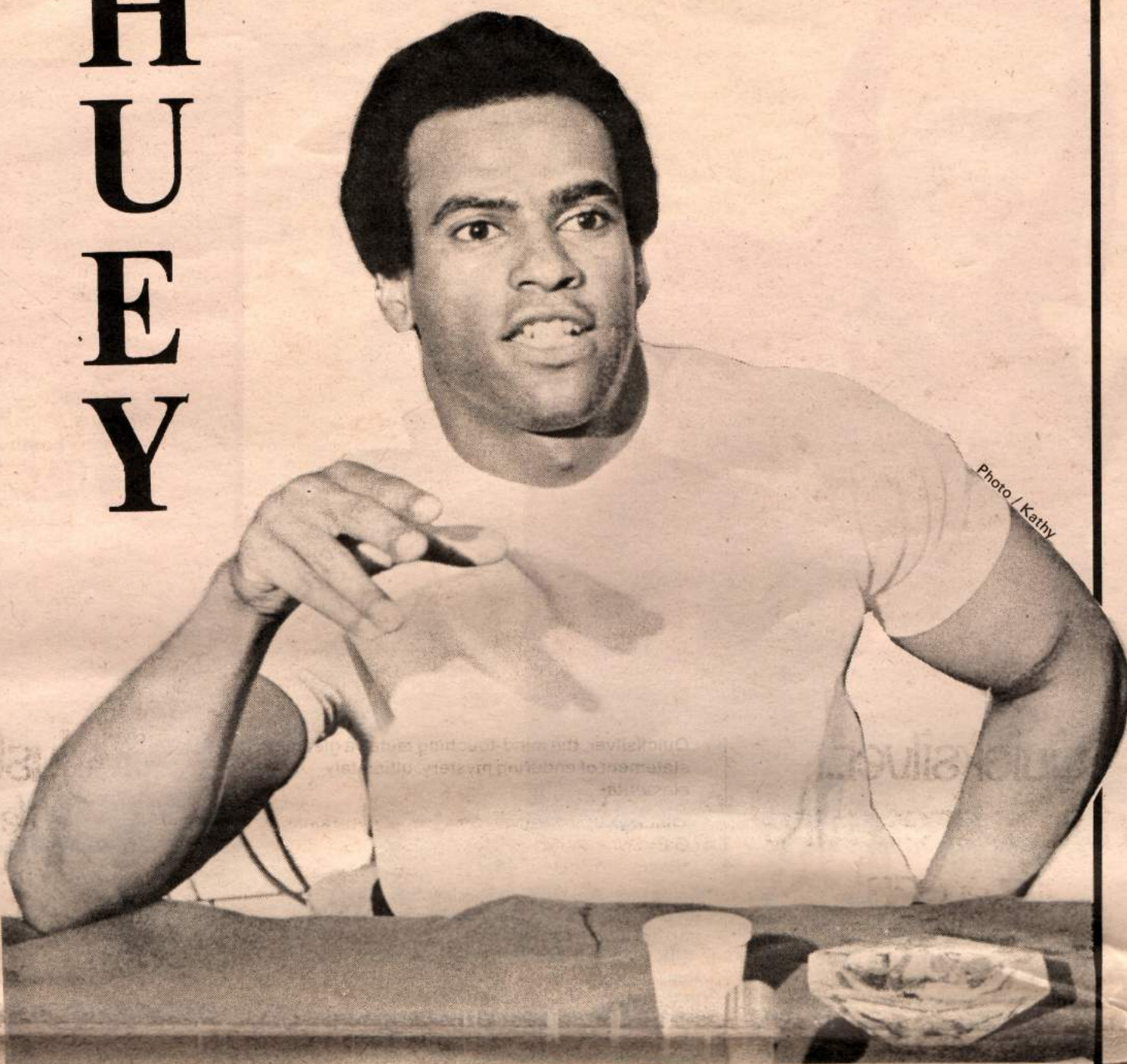
We should be careful about using those terms that might turn our friends off. The terms "faggot" and "punk" should be deleted from our vocabulary, and especially we should not attach names normally designed for homosexuals to men who are enemies of the people, such as Nixon or Mitchell. Homosexuals are not enemies of the people.

We should try to form a working coalition with the Gay Liberation and Women's liberation groups. We must always handle social forces in the most appropriate manner. And this is really a significant part of the population both women, and the growing number of homosexuals that we have to deal with.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!

Huey P. Newton,
SUPREME COMMANDER,
Black Panther Party

H U E Y



Sky River (from Pg. 2)

swim without any clothes on. (Nothing like that had ever gone on in Washougal, Wash.)

On the way back, gathering together with about ten friends from Berkeley, New York and Seattle, we sat down to discuss the dope situation. It seemed pretty bad, we had little money between us, only some food stamps we'd gotten in Seattle.

Suddenly, a young man walked by, swinging a bag back and forth. "Lids, good Lids!" he yelled out.

"What are you selling things for, they should be free!" one of us shouted accusingly.

in ten minutes.

At night we camped in the grassy field, way back from the stage, under a tree. We were bummed out by motorcycle riders, noise, and some New York movement machos talking about past heroic exploits at Columbia in 1968.

The next morning we moved back into the woods. All of a sudden our perceptions changed. We smoked lots of dope, slept, talked and occasionally

ventured forward from our forest hideout for food and dope both purchased with foodstamps. Actually we bummed most of our dope, going from campsite to campsite asking for spare joints. I never had to go to more than two before being turned on to some weed.

Sitting back in the forest, minds hazed by weed, laying back on Saturday, no music yet. All of a sudden through the trees I see a log moving by with legs under it. On pair, then another pair then a third, fourth etc. It was never going to end. It was a huge endless log walking through the forest. Finally the log ended shortly after the seventh pair of legs.

Someone was building a shelter, a big

one back there and using the logs. Lots of shelters were going up, made of tents, canvas, bales of hay and wood. There were teepees, geodesic domes and lean-to's dotting the grounds.

Some people had incredible amounts of equipment, campers, tents, tables, stoves, and huge boxes of food. Others didn't even have a bag to sleep in.

There was that type of class structure. It wasn't rigid, but it existed nonetheless.

At the bottom of the hill, off to one side of the stage was a row of concession stands. This quickly became known as "the Avenue." Food was sold there at low prices (25 cents a quart of milk, 20 cents for three scrambled eggs). Dope and



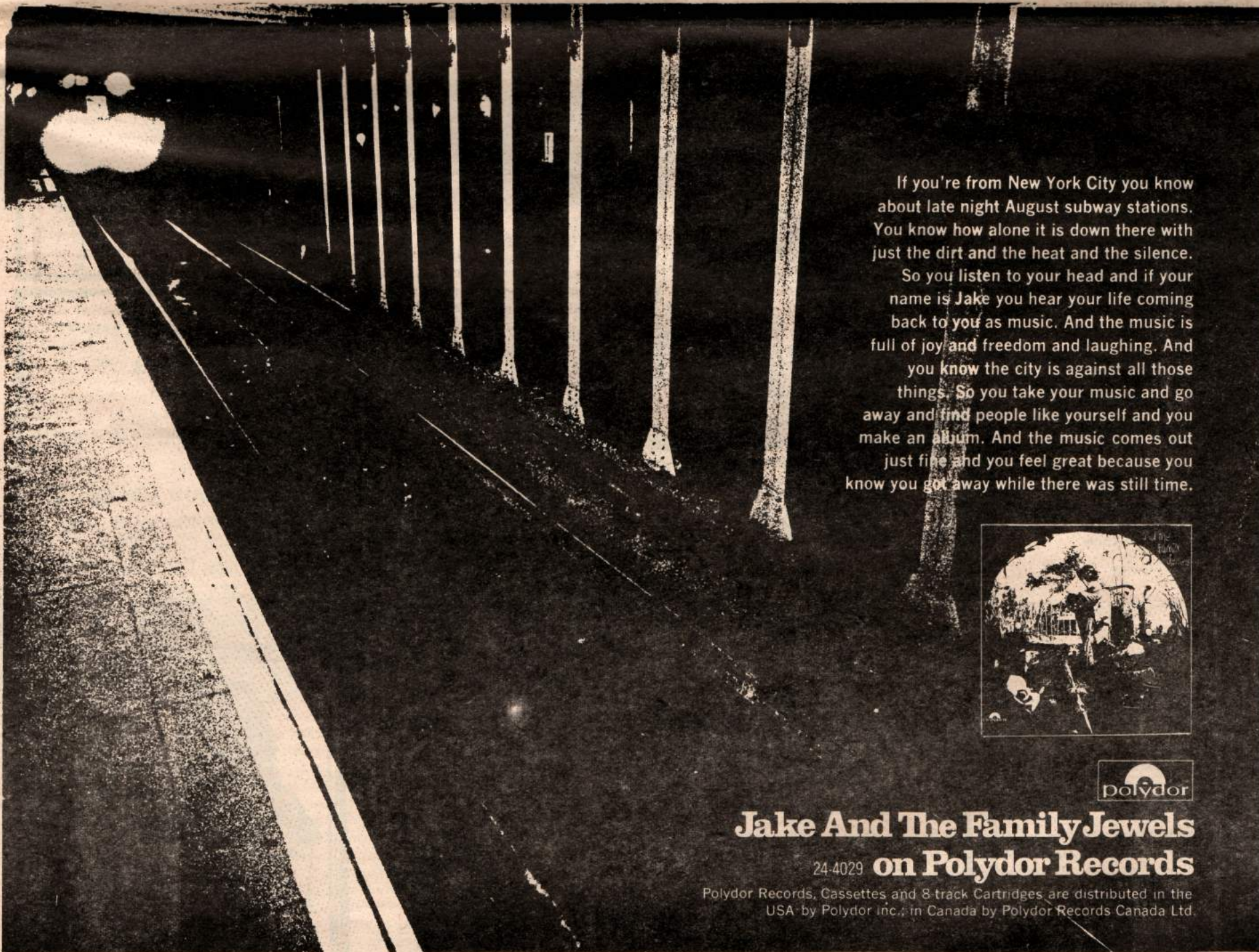
Quicksilver...
under pressure
it's a gas!

Quicksilver, the mind-touching metal, a gleaming statement of enduring mystery, ultimately elemental.

Quicksilver Messenger Service — Dino Valenti, Gary Duncan, David Frieberg, John Cippollina, Nicky Hopkins, Gregory Elmore — it's so much a matter of the right chemistry!



Just For Love
A New Album By
Quicksilver
Messenger Service



If you're from New York City you know about late night August subway stations. You know how alone it is down there with just the dirt and the heat and the silence. So you listen to your head and if your name is Jake you hear your life coming back to you as music. And the music is full of joy and freedom and laughing. And you know the city is against all those things. So you take your music and go away and find people like yourself and you make an album. And the music comes out just fine and you feel great because you know you got away while there was still time.



Jake And The Family Jewels
24-4029 **on Polydor Records**

Polydor Records, Cassettes and 8 track Cartridges are distributed in the USA by Polydor Inc.; in Canada by Polydor Records Canada Ltd.

pig agent richard carasco exposed

A few weeks ago, the Berkeley Tribe ran a story about three Oregon White Panthers who were busted for allegedly carrying concealed weapons in Berkeley. One of the "brothers" was Richard "Dick" Carasco.

By keeping close tabs on his Washington/Oregon/California journeys, it is clear that Carasco is an INFORMER and a DANGEROUS FOOL. He is NOT and has never been a member of the White Panther Party. The evidence here presented is reason enough to suspect him, but it is only a sketch due to Federal mail robbery and because the Portland W.P. chapter was raided several nights ago.

Carasco came to the Portland chapter last June, claiming to be an ex-medical corpsman in Vietnam, and an eager "revolutionary fighter." While undergoing political education, he lived with the Panther collective for two weeks.

Dick Carasco and two Portland W.P.'s then traveled to Berkeley. Here all three were popped for a concealed hand gun, and shipped to Santa Rita. For some unknown reason, ONLY Carasco was singled out and separated from the group for special interrogation inside Santa Rita.

Cut loose on bond, and awaiting a trial date, the three stayed with the Berkeley chapter. Here is where Carasco's strange doings got out-a-hand.

Without telling anyone, he met with the Black Panther Party, Movement for a Democratic Military, several political communes, Tom Hayden, and anybody who could soak up his macho bullshit about "being from the White Panther Party."

Carasco divides people by provoking heated arguments and pushing Armed Struggle as the ONLY action that is worthwhile for true revolutionaries. Women of course play no part in his revolution either.



LONGHAIR PIG EXPOSED

When we criticized his crazed actions he refused to accept our criticism and diverted energy in useless discussions of impending gun deals.

Pissed off by our criticism, he split to Longview, Oregon. There he prodded young people into heavy street actions while at the same time, dig this, "negotiating" with the pigs to persuade them not to bust people. He claimed that this is what he was doing INSIDE the pig station while the fighting was happening.

Two days after his return to Longview, five people (that he knew) were busted for "CONSPIRACY TO BOMB." More arrests were made later, but slick Dick

was on his way back to California.

In Berkeley again, he quoted weapons prices, and types of arms available. Carasco has almost no security consciousness, and will rap with anyone he can interest/implicate. After a 24-hour stay, Carasco suddenly split to Riverside, California, explaining that his gun contacts were waiting with the ready merchandise.

On the morning of his Riverside arrival, eight blacks were snatched at the National Committees to Combat Fascism office for stolen property. Carasco immediately telephoned Berkeley (from inside the NCCF office) and asked for

\$2,000 bail help! Dig it!

When we demanded to know what-the-fuck he was doing down there, he insisted that the NCCF was a part of THE BIG GUN DEAL.

Crazed Carasco has also made contacts in Compton, Santa Ana and Palo Alto, Calif. He was reportedly last seen back in Portland at the People's Army Jamboree.

This tri-state pig must be exposed and stopped!

West Coast Chapters
White Panther Party

NAME: Andrew Richard Carasco

DESCRIPTION: (Portland)

Ht: 5' 10"

Wt: 140 lbs

Race: Caucasian

ALIAS: Richard, Dick

AGE: 22, looks younger

dark brown hair, straight and stringy, 3 inch. over ears, parted on right side, dark scraggly moustache and beard.

bright blue eyes, intense stare, high cheek bones, thin gaunt face (like a rodent).

gunshot wound on right thigh, scar on right ankle.

wears old green army jacket, blue jeans, black combat boots or fur sandals, M.D.M., Black Panther, White Panther buttons.

carries his documents in a green canvas army bag.

WANTED FOR INTERSTATE PIGGERY AND INFORMING

HABITS:

* speaks very quickly, jumping from subject to subject, neurotic but not stupid.

* chain smokes, mostly smokes Kools.

* brags constantly about his "sexual prowess."



CUSTOM LEATHER CRAFTSMANSHIP

"We Make Anything"

Featuring:

*COBBLER'S SANDELS & BOOTS
"Your Footprint In Natural Leather"

* EXPERT LEATHER TAILORING
& Repairs at Peoples Prices

* SAMPLE RACK & MAIL ORDERS

* BROCHURE FOR BOUTIQUES

SKIN SHOP - RAG BAG

No. 1 497 Vermont St. (Pot Hill)
San Francisco, CA 94107

(415) 552-3511 OPEN SUNDAYS

FRANCHISE AVAILABLE

In your College Vicinity. Write or call Store No. 1, in S.F.

(c) 1970 Roberto (MF) Gura

EVER-LOVIN'
TRADING POST
1428 HAIGHT ST



LEATHER
CUSTOM MADE
at people's prices
garments and shoes
on 20% Consignment
& People's Free Store

DISTRIBUTORS
OF THE TRIBE
Will deliver 100 or more
Call 626-9641 to pre-order
Berkeley Tribe on Thurs.
Night After 8:00 P.M.



The Third World Shop in C.J.'s Old Garage, 2655 Telegraph Ave.
Handmade dresses, shirts, vests, jewelry, books, 10% of our
profits go to the B.P.P.

ALL POWER TO THE PEOPLE!!!



NERVO

Leaded art stain glass
lamps - Windows, Craft
supplies, Repairs, Lessons

4911 Telegraph Oakland
658-0904

NEED SHORT HAIR ??
OR NATURAL ??

We have both &
Can save you lots of MONEY.

MEN'S HAIR UNLIMITED

Bank of America Building
2105 Center Street
Berkeley, California 94704

548-0733



Ecology flag or a-
merican flag T-shirt.
Both green shirts &
blue (green flag &
tricky dick red,
white and blue)
shirts. Flocked! Or-
der today. The
country you save
may be your own.
Packaged in a tube
naturally \$4.00 for
each S, M, L, XL.

P.O. BOX 9441(A)
BERKELEY, CAL.
94709

DISTRIBUTOR-
SHIPS OPEN

EASY MONEY

by Intravenous

Anyone at San Francisco State these days looking for a job in the placement office, watch out. You'll be offered \$60 a day or \$180 for a three day week testing anesthetics, or the same amount for research on your voice box. A needle in the neck, however, is part of the research.

If you need the bread and plan to take the job regardless, consider the following: 5% of people injected with anesthetics endure sustained injury. A small proportion die. Consider also, that you are being used as a guinea pig: you will be given no follow up treatment if it is required. You will also be lied to. The main reason for the tests is to determine toxicity levels, or, how much anesthetic your body can take before it begins to realize it's been poisoned. You will be told the tests are safe, that the research is only directed toward finding out how much will stay in your blood for how long, and that every precaution is taken.

Remember the following: A drug company is only interested in meeting Food and Drug Administration requirements, in other words, in reporting obvious side affects, like paralysis, trauma etc. Remember also, it isn't an hour's work. You will feel shitty for several days, and incapable of anything else.

And you might ask, what is the State doing providing guinea pigs for private industry. Have any of the people in the placement office been on the test? What is their reward?

Don't do it!

keep smiling
at troubles

I am a nurse
which means
rather unglamorous
sort of human
being don't you
think I mean
take the word
registered. What
gets registered
I mean things
you value get
registered, can
and coats and
thing and then of course
there's the cash register
in which you place
that most valuable
thing of all, I mean money.
And then goes along, I
mean the word Nurse. It's
all Compassion, like when
you nurse a man, you
care and love the
man, in that

STATE

Post Ingestion

30-Min Post-Ingestion

I think
I'm
Dying

40 Min. I think

on the twenty-first
of October
the research dept. of
San Francisco State
university announced
that it had
turned forty seven
abnormally intelligent
students into quivering
masses of
protoplasmic jelly.
This is an interesting
phenomenon but
by no means a
unique situation.
It is well known
that when a
cell is

10 min post-ingestion

I think
I'm
Dying

2d Min. Ret-Ingestion

I think
I'm
Dying

TOUGH

Phat's
Life

cal regents

safe as mother's milk

This cartoon was made
by some
other
people
who
know
nothing
about
Susan
Schaefer
who
is
kind
of
a
girl
and
daddy



EAT
YOUR
PILL
BILLY
IT'S
GOOD
FOR
YOU.

At home I had a guinea pig. It would eat anything. It ate a lot. It was fat. One day on my birthday day me and my friends and a gross old Mark Kauter were at my house and we decided to bake a crud cake. We put in bread and eggs and some chocolate and some orange peel and flour to hold it all together. It tasted awful. But the guinea pig liked it. It fasted it. It's dead now.

FUCK YOU

REGISTER YOUR DISSENT AGAINST THE
ESTABLISHMENT

EXPRESS YOUR OPINIONS — SEND NOW FOR THIS FINE RUBBER STAMP, COMPLETE WITH RED INK PAD: CAN BE USED ON TAX BILLS, PARKING TICKETS, TAX RETURNS, LETTERS TO CONGRESSMEN, LETTERS TO CORRUPT JUDGES, LETTERS TO NIXON, DRAFT BOARDS AND A THOUSAND OTHER WAYS.

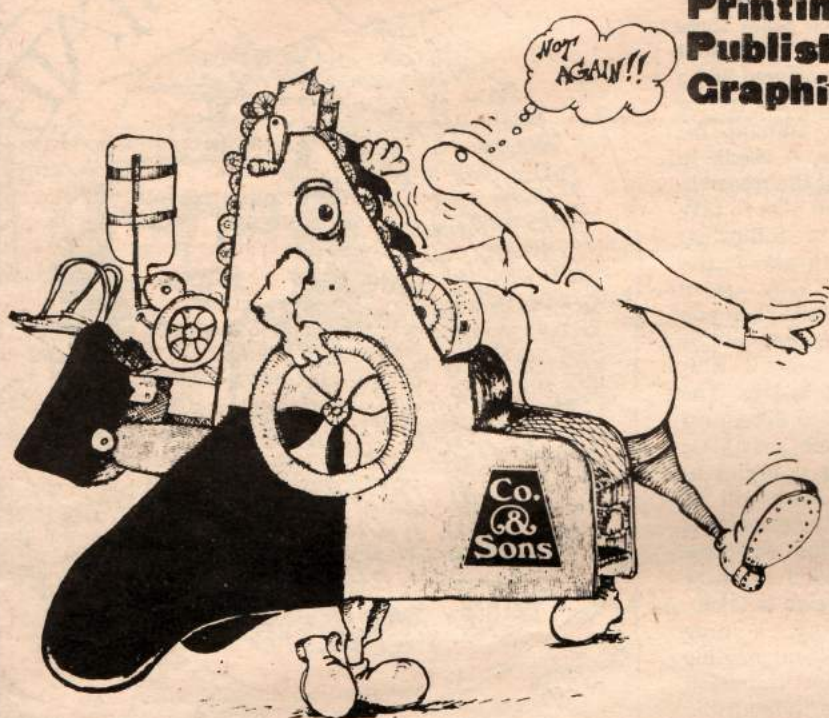
*Send \$3.00 with your name and address to FIGHT BACK
NOW P.O. BOX 315 Arlington Heights, Illinois*

Be the first in your coven to own a copy.

On Sale September 8.
A Visual Encyclopedia of the Supernatural

WE DO PRECISION WORK!!

Printing
Publishing
Graphics



The COMPANY and SONS
275 CAPP ST
SAN FRANCISCO
UN-3-0890

HUMPHREY BOGART FILM FESTIVAL (part 3)

Friday, Sept. 4

HIGH SIERRA (7:30)
AFRICAN QUEEN (9PM)
THE BIG SHOT (10:30)

Saturday, Sept. 5

MARKED WOMAN (7:30)
TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE (9PM)
THE OKLAHOMA KID (10:30)



LeConte School Auditorium
2241 Russell Street (Russell & Ellsworth)
\$1.50

TELEGRAPH REPERTORY CINEMA

2533 Telegraph Ave.,
Berkeley 848-8650

Cinema 1 - Thru Sept. 9

Basil Rathbone in ADVENTURES
OF SHERLOCK HOLMES (1939) 4:30, 7:15, 10:00
& Alistair Sim in THE GREEN MAN 5:55 8:40 11:25

Cinema 2 - Thru Sept. 9

RONALD REAGEN, Lee Marvin & John
Cassevetes in Don Siegel's THE KILLERS (color)
4:30, 7:25, 10:20 & Samuel Fuller's

PICKUP ON SOUTH STREET 6:05, 9:00

FRIDAY AND SATURDAY MIDNIGHT SERIES

This Weekend Boris Karloff in

"Bride of Frankenstein", plus

"Clay" "O Dem Watermelons" & Newsreels



Bill & Christopher

Christopher's Audio

Tired of getting ripped off...?
Sounds and people, not money count
at Christopher's

1482 University Berkeley

849-0718

marantz
COMPONENTS • SPEAKER SYSTEMS • RECEIVERS

Euclid nr Hearst
PH 841-2648

NORTH SIDE

STUDIO A

Arthur Penn's "Bonnie & Clyde"
Warren Beatty, Faye Dunaway
Louis Malle's "Thief of Paris"
Jean-Paul Belmondo, G. Bujold

STUDIO B

one week only sept. 2-8
Peter Brook's "Marat/Sade"
Royal Shakespeare Co.
Philippe De Broca's
"King of Hearts"
Alan Bates, Genievieve Bujold

COMING SEPT 9-15 CLOSELY WATCHED
TRAINS & THE IDIOT PT. 1

GUITAR RESURRECTION & REPAIR

Custom Finishes

655-4887 LARRY

MIDNIGHT FILMS

NOCTURNAL DREAM SHOWS

ANIMAL CRACKERS: Rarest of the Marx Brothers features
also

selected short subjects featuring

THE THREE STOOGES

THE RITZ BROTHERS

THE THREE FATTIES

and

LOST CITY OF THE JUNGLE: Chapter 3 of a dazzling inter-

continental spy adventure

and on stage hot from the hills of Central Park

THE STONE

AT THE PALACE THEATRE - COLUMBUS & POWELL ST. IN SAN
FRANCISCO - EVERY FRI. & SAT. NIGHT AT MIDNIGHT •

PHONE 861-4396

FETHERS POINT FILM SOCIETY

4416 18th St. SF 861-5491

Sept 3 - 5

Thurs - Sat

Luis Bunuel's VIRIDIANA with Silvia Pinal

Orson Welles' MACBETH with Welles Jeanette Nolan

Thurs 8:30

Fri & Sat 7:00 & 10:00

Sept 6 - 9

Sun - Wed

Alexander Korda's THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII with Charles Laughton

Joseph Losey's THE CONCRETE JUNGLE (THE CRIMINAL) with Stanley Baker

Sun 6:00 & 9:15

Mon, Tues. & Wed 8:30

Sept 10 - 12

Thurs - Sat

Ernst Lubitsch's THE LOVE PARADE with Maurice Chevalier Jeanette MacDonald

G.W. Pabst's THE THREEPENNY OPERA with Lotte Lenya

Thurs 8:30

Fri & Sat 6:15 & 10:00

WEED

Tribe:

Pertaining to your "informed sources" section, published April 3, 1970, which reads, "I smoked some righteously good 'Michoacan' from down there and I hear that it's easy to get."

Well, I have been in the Morelia Michoacan Prison for seven months. Yes, the pigs busted me and my partner, Spider. The charges are possession and trafficking of about three hundred kilos of marijuana. True, it is dynamite tea. We get a chance to get high with a little help from our friends, while the pigs have us caged up. But some people might take the words in the article the wrong way. Which would mean that they would be on their way to Michoacan to score. This is the growing season now. But in October, the beautiful people in the mountains will be harvesting their crops.

There are eight Americans in this prison now. And the fuckin' pigs have this state just about sealed off with road blocks and special agents. If they bust an American, they get extra bread. It's almost like we have a bounty on our head. Thanks to Nixon. Which you know, he is paying the government here to stop the tea. Very soon the sentence for trafficking will be eight to twelve years. And life in a Mexican prison is a real bad trip.

William Nealon
Sentro Penitenciario
Morelia, Mich., Mexico

JAILED WITH HUEY

To Whom It May Concern:

The day Huey was cut loose (need I say right on!) I was busted during a climactic confrontation at County Courthouse. The charge was "Grand Theft" (of a hat). Now that in itself is kind of heavy, but seeing as how it was a pig's hat, that might tend to explain it. A law enforcement officer's hat, badge, weapon etc. is his symbol of authority. "Liberating" those symbols eliminates the effectiveness of this power. And the power reverts back to the people.

So man, look here, I get busted for liberating a pig's hat (next time his gun) and sending it flying through the air like the expert frisbee thrower I am, and dig it, the people, with their new found power, shot that fucking hat higher than I ever could have myself. Right on! Taking pictures of the pig operation if front of the courthouse (which were to be taken back to Oregon to try to get some things together there) four or five porkers surrounded me and dragged me down to their level and had me skating across the street on my head, but they couldn't get my arm down which was up in a power sign. Inside, upstairs, handcuffed and

nude, they wanted my name and they wanted it now. About five minutes later I got my clothes on and signed for my property. Turning around getting ready to split the Oakland Pig Department, there in a glass enclosed cage with 2 other brothers was Huey. This really blew my mind: the fact that me, a long haired, bare-footed leaping gnome, should be face to face with a man that I have been relating to in one way or another for a long time. I stood there in ecstasy man, in bliss picking up on Huey's vibrations and he on mine. They then locked me up and threw away the key. But dig it, the next day Huey sent one of his lawyers, Alexander Hoffman, to get me cut loose. The Black Panther Party appropriated my bail and before it came through the pigs had me shipped out to Santa Rita. Four brothers of mine at Santa Rita gave me some telephone numbers and messages. I called one brother's partner in New York and told him his partner was in a concentration camp and needed \$8,000 "payola" to get out of it. He also needed his epileptic seizure pills, since the man ripped them off.

I got back to Berkeley from Santa

Rita about 1:00 am Saturday morning. At 7:30am the phone rang. It was Alex Hoffman saying someone wanted to rap to me. I said far out, put him on. The first thing he said was "Power to the People," and I said "Right on." It was Huey. Can you dig that? He told me he was happy I got out. He wanted to emphasize the fact that we are all leaders in our society. You are me, I am you, We are we all together. The time came to say "Later on" for we knew we would be together in final victory. I have never felt more sure of that than during those moments, and that will always be with me. If a man with a schedule as tight as Huey's can take the time to free one of his fellow brothers and to take positive action, then everyone of us should seize the time to help our brothers and sisters because that is all we have and that is all we need.

I would like to close this letter by quoting a fellow demonstrator the day Huey was freed. "Don't forget! Today's pork is tomorrow's bacon." That is if you haven't lost your teeth.

Power to the People
Brad Nudd

go to the
Free Store

FOOD FURNITURE
CLOTHES UTENSILS
APPLIANCES TOYS

5351 Foothill, Oakland 533-7210

GO UP HASTE find
another bookstore
behind the old Forum, and
next to Yenan bookstore,
where
JANE JACOBS
YOKO ONO
SUSAN ATKINS
GERTRUDE STEIN
4 SISTERS
make up fully half
the authors inside
848-6359

this to THIS



COVER THAT GROOVY LONG HAIR

BUT ONLY TO SECURE A JOB.

Let it swing long again on weekends.

Men's wigs to cover long hair.

THE SQUIRE FOR MEN

HAIRPIECES

230 Powell St., S.F.

982-4142

For information concerning

**MORNING AFTER
CONTRACEPTION**

call 525-6390

RESISTANCE REPAIR

Stereos, receivers, tuners, etc. No
rip-offs; free estimates. Joe:
654-6852 or John: 548-5096.

SOCIAL & ENCOUNTER

Every Friday, Saturday
& Sunday at 8pm.

Contribution \$2

Human Understanding Center
721 Monterey St. S.F.

**ORDAINED MINISTER
AND DOCTOR OF DIVINITY**



Men and women of all ages — join us as
ORDAINED MINISTERS with a DOCTOR
OF DIVINITY. Your ordination, legal any-
where, lets you ordain others in your name,
set up your own church and apply for tax and
draft exemptions and perform marriages. Just
\$10, or \$20 framed and glassed, gets your
Ordination and D.D. certificates, I.D. card,
and 12 blank forms to others. Money back
guarantee: MISSIONARIES OF THE NEW
TRUTH; DEPT. T; P.O. BOX 1393; EVAN-
STON, ILL. 60204

MANDRAKE'S

BEER • WINE • DANCING • NO MINORS •
1012 • UNIVERSITY • BERKELEY • 845-9065

Fri-Sat-Sun

GEORGE DUKE'S QUARTET

Tue-Wed-Thurs JOHN LEE HOOKER

Fri-Sat-Sun

BOBBY HUTCHERSON —

9/11, 12 & 13

HAROLD LAND QUINTET

**GUITAR
RESURRECTION
&
REPAIR**

Custom Finishes

655-4887 LARRY

NATIVE SON

Tues - Wed Jams and dancing

Thurs Emanon
9:00 \$1.00

Fri - Sat Brother Earth
9:00 \$1.00

Sun Neo Hoodoo Jass Band
9:00 \$1.50 & Dancer

Jam Sessions Sat & Sun 1 - 7 P.M. 5 P.M. - 2 A.M. daily except Sunday 1 P.M. - 2 A.M.



NEW ORLEANS HOUSE

1505 San Pablo

525-2221

Fri - Sat

9:30 \$2.50

BLACK GHOST & THOMPSON BROTHERS

Sun

9:00 \$1.50

FOURTH WAY

Tue-Wed

9:00 \$2.00

Luther Allison & Home

Thurs

8:30 \$1.00

Potter's Wheel & One

Fri 9/11

BOZ SCAGGS & LOVECRAFT

Sat 9/12

MENDELBAUM & LOVECRAFT

Sun 9/13

EQUINOX: A MARATHON

Dancing, beer, wine, food—minimum age 18.

3126 Shattuck Ave. Berkeley 845-1556

"The bank was the biggest capitalist establishment around . . . an example of American capitalism which is killing people around the world and in the United States."

—a student, explaining why the Bank of America was burned

When students in Isla Vista attacked and burned the local branch of the Bank of America, they unleashed an enormous amount of criticism. The Santa Barbara News-Press called it "mindless anarchy" and the Bank itself, in a \$320,000 nationwide ad campaign, declared it a "criminal act of violent proportions and . . . an insurrection against the democratic process."

The Establishment consensus was that the violence of the student insurrection had been completely purposeless, and the attack against the Bank especially so.

After all, wasn't the bank being run at a loss as a public service for the students? And how could a tiny Isla Vista branch bank, with little more than \$100,000 in deposits, be responsible for "killing people all around the world and in the United States"?

What they fail to understand is that the tiny little branch of the Bank of America may have symbolized to the students something as distasteful, something as reprehensible as the few crates of tea dumped by the Sons of Liberty into the Boston Harbor in 1773. For, after all, the Boston Tea Party was never really concerned about tea, but about a tea tax, and the corrupt and detestable regime which that tax represented.

For the burning of the Isla Vista branch had at its roots a sound understanding of where America is today, and what the rebellion of the young is all about.

The Bank of America itself is not a particularly corrupt or dishonest or inhuman institution, perhaps no more than the University or the Government. When charged with being a part of the "capitalist establishment," it reacted with righteous indignation:

"We at Bank of America are most certainly a part of the American economic system . . . we are also proud to be part of the establishment in the real sense of that word: established law and order, established orderly process, established principles of the sanctity of life and property, established democratic functioning for the redress of grievances."

But today to be "part of the American economic system" and to believe that "establishment, in the real sense of that word" is "law and order" may stand as a more serious indictment than the spuriously fabricated charge of "conspiracy."

American Banking

What, in fact, is the role of the Bank of America in "the American economic system"? First, the Bank of America is the largest non-governmental bank in the world. Its \$25,600,000,000 resources make it larger than its nearest competitor, the Chase Manhattan, by one-fourth. It has 955 branches in California, and 96 overseas. Its loans in 1969 totaled over \$14.6 billion, and deposits over \$22.1 billion. It employs over 33,000 people. Its profit last year was \$152,000,000.

The Bank of America also sits on the pinnacle of a highly pyramided financial industry. The House Committee on Banking and Currency recently reported on the enormous growth of banks and other financial institutions: between 1900 and the mid-1950's "the assets of financial institutions increased 40 times, as compared with 18 times for non-financial institutions . . . has increased markedly during the last 60 years."

Leading this increase has been the Bank of America. Along with nineteen other banks, it controls 51.5 per cent of the trust assets in the country, totalling over \$129 billion and in the opinion of one economist, "acting jointly, the big banks could control the affairs of corporate America."

Banks as a whole have continued to increase their importance to the economy over the past century. The high cost of

technological advances, as well as costs in general, have forced corporations to turn continually to financial institutions for expansion capital.

Big banks and other financial institutions now account for 85% of the debt financing, and for a major and rapidly increasing proportion of the equity financing.

One specific illustration of this dependency of corporations on banking institutions can be seen in Litton Industries, perhaps the most spectacular of the conglomerate corporations. The debt of Litton reached \$474 million in 1969, up from \$275 million a year earlier and from a mere \$14 million in 1964. And who was behind much of the debt financing? Bank of America. It is no wonder that Roy Ash, president of Litton, sits on the Bank of America's

However, on December 24, 1969, the New York Times reported the following:

"Nixon Aides Bow On Foreign Banks"

The Nixon Administration, under pressure from foreign and domestic banking leaders, has backed down on its support of a bill aimed at stopping tax evasion and frauds totaling hundreds of millions of dollars through illegal use of secret foreign bank accounts.

Six days after a Justice Department official endorsed the bill earlier this month, two other Administration officials — who helped write the measure — told a House committee they thought the bill went too far.

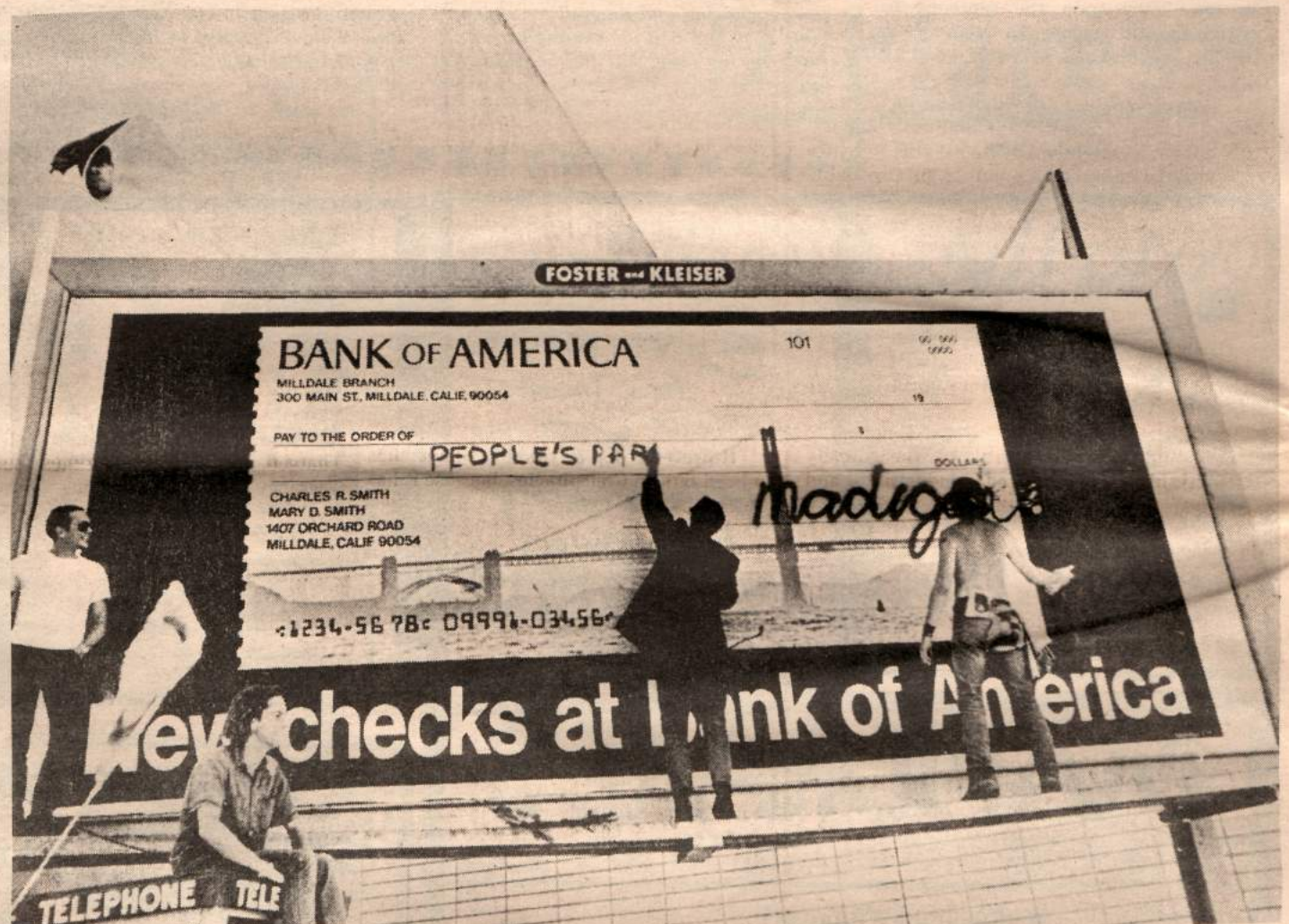
During the six days, according to a reconstruction of events through interviews and examination of records,

It was the first time the bankers had seen the Patman bill and they were upset about it. A few days later they returned, this time with their attorneys, to talk Mr. Rossides and the Treasury Department out of supporting the measure, which Mr. Rossides had helped write.

At the same time, the State Department was being pressed by representatives of foreign banks and domestic banks with foreign branches.

Representative Patman knew of none of this, an aide said, when he convened the second day of hearings Dec. 10. There were two witnesses, Mr. Rossides and I.R.S. Commissioner Randolph W. Thrower, who also had helped write the bill. Representative Patman expected the support of both men.

But both testified that while they agreed with the intent of the bill, they



board, to ensure the proper relations between the Bank and its big customer.

The House Committee on Banking and Currency considers dependency situations such as this highly undesirable, for the obvious reason that greater and greater power tends to be concentrated in fewer and fewer hands, hands that are able to act behind the scenes, and ungoverned by the public interest.

Not only interlocking directorates, but interlocking ownership by banks have aggravated this situation: banks and other financial institutions own directly or through trust departments 27.4 % of the shares of 225 large corporations, a figure well above what is considered "controlling interest."

The Bank of America has been quick to defend itself against charges of its economic power. "To anyone with even a rudimentary knowledge of the banking industry or economics, such a charge," President Andrew Clausen told the Bank's stockholders, "is an obvious hoax."

"The banking industry is not only highly competitive, it is excessively regulated . . . This combination of competition and regulation makes it utterly impossible for any one bank, or the banking industry collectively, to wield the kind of power the radical left seems to believe we have at our disposal."

foreign banks and domestic banks with foreign branches fought the bill at the State Department. During the same period, representatives of some of the largest banks in the United States met twice with high-level Treasury Department officials to talk them out of supporting the measure.

In both cases, the bankers complained that the bill would put an undue burden on their record-keeping.

The legislation was born last year when the House Banking Committee held a one-day hearing and decided some measure was needed to stop the illegal use of secret foreign bank accounts that officials have said drain hundreds of millions of dollars a year out of the United States, most of it through tax evasion schemes.

Assured of Administration support, Representative Wright Patman opened hearings Dec. 4 and heard favorable testimony.

But on the same day, Eugene T. Rossides, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for enforcement and operations, was meeting with representatives of the Bank of America, the Chase Manhattan Bank, the First National City Bank of New York, and the Chemical Bank New York Trust Company, some of the largest banks in the country.

could not support it as written because it "went too far."

Thus, although the banking system is "highly competitive" and "excessively regulated," somehow the Bank of America and four New York banks were able to block legislation saving the taxpayer "hundreds of millions of dollars" because it would be "an undue burden on their record-keeping." Moreover, such incidents of the banking industry's lobbying ability are not unusual.

Congressman Patman Chairman of the House Banking and Currency Committee has said that "the banking lobby is the single most potent lobby that operates year-round in Washington . . . the behind-the-scenes stories of this lobby would fill pages. Members of the House Banking and Currency Committee have been offered huge blocks of bank stock — free of charge — and directorships on bank boards."

"Freshman members have been approached — within hours of their arrival in Washington — and offered quick and immediate loan service . . . While I do not intend to name names here today, it is an open secret on Capitol Hill that many campaign chests are swelled by contributions from the banks."

Almost simultaneously with Patman's statement it was disclosed that another member of the House Banking Committee, Congressman Seymour Halpern (D-N.Y.) was more than \$100,000 in debt to the First National City Bank, including one \$40,000 loan granted at a prime interest rate reserved for only the bank's biggest corporate customers.

"I leave it to you," Patman concluded, "to judge what these contributions and campaign assistance might mean on a crucial vote on banking legislation."

In the past two years, the banks have found a significant loophole that allows them to sidestep many of the regulations that Congress created to limit their power: the one-bank holding company.

The one-bank holding company neatly avoids prohibition that banks move into the industrial or merchandising fields by making the bank a pseudo - subsidiary of a larger holding company.

When a holding company is created, nothing changes except the title of the corporation: in the case of the Bank of America, on April 1, 1969, the official title became the BankAmerica Corporation. A few of the board members dropped off, and a few others were added, but the corporate officers remained the same and Bank of America stockholders received one share of the new Corporation for each share they held in the old Bank of America.

BofA President R.A. Peterson made the Bank's intentions in the move crystal clear: "A one-bank holding company presents possibilities for greater participation in a number of profitable activities, particularly overseas. While we have no specific business in mind, such activities might include leasing, warehousing, mutual funds, financing land development, travel bureaus, and other industries closely related to finance."

The last phrase, "closely related to finance" was a deliberate concession on the Bank's part to the fears of Congress. The spectre of a few banks possibly gaining direct control of the already highly concentrated industrial and merchandising sectors of the economy was a thought few Congressmen liked to imagine, and a situation they might pass legislation to avoid.

Thus the Bank, like 35 of the 100 largest banks which had made the switch, was making loud noises about its intentions to stay clear of such dangerous shores.

But, ironically, such decisions may not entirely be in the hands of the banks. Describing the mood of Congress, the New York Times warned that "there is concern that should one or more industrial companies gain control of a major bank, that the other banks would be forced to defend themselves by forming great financial - industrial alliances."

What such alliances could hold for the future is not only of concern to the Congress, but to pro-business elites as well. In an article reviewing the one-bank holding company, the Harvard Business Review was quite clear in its own concern: "There is a potential for excessive concentration and restraint of trade when a bank, with its privileged position, strength, and resources joins in an organization with non-bank companies which can improve their market power through the availability of lenient bank credit... Banking might become too closely allied with non-financial functions and develop great financial - industrial combines with excessive political as well as economic power."

Given the earlier remarks of Congressman Patman about the banks' present political power, such combines might in the future make the rise of democratic representation entirely unnecessary. Congressional inaction about holding companies is a testimony to their present strength. After a year of study and debate, a bill regulating the one-bank holding companies has yet to clear Congress. Apparently the banks' power has not been completely destroyed at the hands of "competition" and "excessive regulation."

-Dick Parker and
A.S.I.A.

babylon north

Contemplating the big move to Canada? Going to escape those mean ol' U.S. of A. blues in the evergreen forests North of the border? Dreaming of a stroll on the peaceful streets of Vancouver, Montreal, Toronto... etc.? FORGET IT!

The fond illusions of most Amerikan freeks about the peace, love and good vibes, everything's cool atmosphere which allegedly exists in Canada will be rudely shattered once you get there. The image just ain't real—across the northern border of Pig Nation you will find nothing more nothing less than Babylon North, another portion of the Pig Empire.

Revolutionaries are on trial in Montreal in almost continuous succession. The trials of Gagnon and Valliere, two leaders of the FLQ (Quebec Liberation Front) are probably the most important in recent Canadian history.

However, don't think Canada has missed out on Conspiracies, because it has its very own Conspiracy trial in Regina. The conspiracy charge relates to a week of rioting and street demonstration by young people in which the pig sty was attacked and a pigmobile trashed, etc. Of course, the charge of conspiracy is patently absurd.

Racism? Surely Canada isn't racist? Just ask the Indians! 55% of the inmates in prisons are Indians although they comprise only seven percent of the total population. Canada tries to pretend that it has treated "its" natives better than the U.S. because we only used military force when other ruses like small-pox infested blankets failed to get the whiteman what he wanted.

Most Indians on the West Coast of Canada are not treaty Indians therefore they technically own all the land, yet they are forced to live on squalid degrading reservations. Treaties which have been made have been broken consistently.

The Eskimos in the Arctic, once a proud, free, roving race, are now reduced to spending their days in government houses making Ookpiks for fat Yankee tourists. Eskimos are not used to an immovable house and they do not relate to the sanitary problems of maintaining one, because of this the whiteman's diseases abound and the Eskimo (and the Indian) life span is short and infant mortality rate abnormally high.

Halifax, a port on the east coast has a black ghetto and all the white racist mentality it takes to create such a community. Until recently black people could not be buried in a white cemetery there. Remember kids this is Canada, land of the free.

In Quebec where the struggle of the Quebecois for self-determination is probably the most advanced in North America, bombings are daily happenings and attacks on banks and armories occur regularly. The power structure responds with repression. Mass demonstrations have been banned in Montreal but they still occur in defiance of the repressive actions taken against the people.

Canada's immigration policies are also clearly discriminatory against all people

of colour.

There is a White Race Party in various cities in Canada.

The Youth Colony in Babylon North is particularly oppressed, especially in Vancouver where seventy plus young people have been arrested in street demonstrations within the last month. The people have been demanding a guaranteed annual income and the resignation of Mayor Tom Campbell. The unemployment rate in Vancouver is 9½% yet the Mayor and provincial Welfare Minister insist on referring to unemployed youth as "dirty hippies and draft dodgers" or "deadbeats" (depending on your age) when denying the people the right to welfare, sleep on the beaches, and attempting to stop the implementation of a hostel in the city.

Four days of rioting broke out in Vancouver after terrible Tom gave the word to his uniformed thugs to clear the beaches.

In Toronto 97 people were scooped in one day during a pig manufactured riot after Nixon invaded Cambodia. Mass busts were also made in Toronto after 2,000 people crashed the gates to a giant indoor rock festival rip-off.

The same thing has been happening all over Canada, as soon as the people begin getting in the way of the power structure they are stomped on.

You may have heard the fairy story that marijuana may be legalized in Canada. Think again. The watered down version (lesser penalties for possession, higher for trafficking) of that bill is bogged down in a parliamentary committee while a new wave of drug repressing legislation is coming on like gang busters. In Vancouver alone, hundreds of busts for possession of marijuana and other drugs have been made this summer.

Rock festivals have been banned in British Columbia because of their "immoral and permissive nature."

Twenty or so freeks are scooped off the streets PER DAY in the Vancouver pig departments private war on transients. These arrested brothers and sisters are charged with bogus crimes such as vagrancy and obstructing sidewalks. Oakalla, a medium security prison (which the Yippies successfully attacked) is filled almost exclusively with freeks and Natives awaiting trial without bail or serving sentences of under two years.

In BABYLON North you are not protected by any form of Constitution or Bill of Rights. Evidence obtained illegally is permissible in court. Entrapment is a legitimate practice employed by the RCM Pigs. Changing charges late in a trial to fit a pigs testimony is common.

The sentences being handed out in Canadian courts for conviction on political charges are extremely harsh: 4-6 months for illegal assembly; 6 months for disturbance; one brother got 2½ years for helping another brother escape from undercover pigs during a demonstration; another got a year for crashing the gate at a rock concert; The Georgia Straight, underground newspaper, has had dozens of charges and thousands of dollars in fines levied against it. Its former editor Dan McLeod is presently on a three year suspended sentence for publishing a reprint from the San Francisco Goodtimes on how to grow marijuana.

Canadian citizens have no guaranteed rights that the courts are bound to uphold.

Amerikans look upon Canada as one of the last ideal sites to establish communes or rural living: free or cheap land, wide open isolated spaces, and a minimum of hassles. The truth of the matter is, there is no free land in British Columbia (which is the most likely location for a commune) there are no longer any squatters rights, and crown land is almost non-existent (any that you find is probably next to uninhabitable.) Land prices, although cheaper than in the U.S., are still high with reasonable land going for around \$300-400 per acre in the interior (as low as \$100 per acre for large quantities.)

The Cattlemen's Association is Canada's equivalent to rednecks. In one area of B.C. they forced an entire commune to leave their homestead (it was valueless unclaimed land a mile up a mountainside) at gunpoint, destroyed the living area while the RCM Pigs stood



peacefully by. In another instance a doctor who was known to be sympathetic to commune freeks had his office busted up, windows broken, and red paint splattered about the front of his building.

The corruption of the provincial Social Credit governments of Western Canada, which condones these activities, is astonishing. Social Credit (whose economic policies are very similar to National Socialism) is the original avaricious pig businessman's government. They have been caught red handed cheating the people on numerous occasions.

Phil Gaglardi, now Welfare Minister, was formerly Highways Minister until it was uncovered that everywhere he built a highway his sons just happened to own the land. On another occasion it was discovered that a government purchased Lear jet was being used to ferry his family members around North America for vacations. He resigned his post, only to be re-elected again on a "free enterprise versus the heavy hand of state socialism" platform. Gaglardi has no qualification or experience (except as an oppressor) for his new Welfare Minister post.

And the myth of P.E.T. (Pierre Elliot Trudeau) the dashing, flashing, bachelor, all round good guy who poses as Prime Minister of Canada. Even hard core U.S. radicals seem to have a soft spot for Trudeau, the dope smoking P.M., who in reality is a super-slimy, sexist, ruling-class pig, who rides on the back of the people. He has been a millionaire from birth, he has never done a day's labour in his life, he uses women in their classical roles — as personal, sexual adornments and sex objects to soft sell his political bullshit. His claim to fame as a leader is his ability to evade taking a meaningful stand on any major political issue while projecting the image of making great strides forward.

He has done nothing to help the plight of the prairie wheat farmers who have elevators full of grain but no buyers. He has done nothing about legalizing abortions or ending Canadian complicity in the S.E. Asian War, even though he has been confronted directly with these issues numerous times. Canada's economics are falling apart faster than those in Pig Nation. Unemployment skyrockets, primary industries are faltering (forestry and fishing) as the environment collapses, there is a major postal crisis, the labour movement is dissatisfied on all levels, and compulsory arbitration is being used to force workers back on the job. Injustice after injustice is being heaped upon the Quebecois and... Trudeau has done nothing.

Anyways, in the end, the purpose of all this information is not to discourage brothers and sisters from coming to Canada. It is meant to point out some of the realities you will face, in what all too often is talked about as a promised land.

Canada is no escape from the problems plaguing the Pig Empire — it is just an extension of the Death Culture which has oppressed the people for so many many years — BABYLON NORTH.

FREE THE NORTH!

NLF/YIP, Vancouver, Canada.

september 4 - 11, 1970 / page twenty-three

**B
a
s
t
a
y
a!
LOS**



SIETE

The prosecutor is really scraping the bottom of the barrel as his case against Los Siete de la Raza drags to an end. District Attorney Thomas Norman has tried a great variety of nasty maneuvers in order to put a little muscle on his scrawny case against the six latin brothers, charged with killing undercover pig Joe Brodnik on May 1, 1969.

Early this week, Norman called a latin brother named Dennis Calderon to the stand. Calderon had once told police that he saw two of the brothers after Brodnik's death. He wasn't going to testify about it in court because it might incriminate him as helping the brothers to escape, or taking part in the alleged burglary on May 1. Norman knew Calderon was going to take the fifth. Yet he called him to the stand to try what defense attorney Mike Kennedy called "an old House Un-American Activities Committee scam," in which seeds of suspicion are planted in the jurors' minds, by a series of questions the witness refuses to answer. Norman also tried to slip Calderon by the judge, Lawrence Mana, despite a ruling many months ago by the previous judge, Joseph Karesh, that testimony about statements one defendant may have made implicating other defendants were inadmissible as evidence. The defense raised hell about it; judge Mana, after reading Karesh's ruling, agreed with them, and Norman was permitted only to ask Calderon a few questions, to which he took the fifth. Norman's ploy to get the incriminating testimony before the jury, or at least into the press, failed.

In another maneuver, Norman tried to get the jury to believe that just because the fingerprints of Tony Martinez were found on the steering wheel of his own car, he must have been the last one to drive it. Defense attorneys objected that this would be speculation on the part of the "expert" witness who was then testifying, police inspector Walter Ihle. Judge Mana allowed Ihle to answer the question, but such a fuss has been raised that Ihle only said it was **LIKELY** that a subsequent driver would have wiped Tony's prints off the wheel, but not necessarily true. These fingerprints are the only evidence against Tony, who was in school in San Mateo at the time of Brodnik's death.

Another of Norman's tactics is a display of great propriety in contrast to the loud, funny, often obscene character of the gentlemen at the defense table. In response to one of Mana's rulings, Charles Garry whispered loudly that it was the biggest piece of shit he'd ever heard. Mana winced, and members of the jury either chuckled or pretended not to hear. D.A. Norman, however, jumped up, asking if that wasn't a "vulgarity" he just heard. Mike Kennedy told the D.A. to

shut up; the remark wasn't addressed to him; to which Norman replied that when he hears something so "alarming" he just can't let it pass. His indignation was lost on the generally sophisticated jury.

The most exciting event in the last two weeks was undoubtedly a visit to the "scene of the crime"—433 Alvarado Street—late last week. The brothers, handcuffed, were transported in a sheriff's van, and three of them were allowed outside briefly to confer with their attorneys and breathe their first non-prison air in 16 months. There was heavy security on the street and a helicopter circled above as spectators were kept behind police ropes. Residents of the street—some of whom had testified at the trial—watched from their stoops as the jurors sleuthed around checking out vantage points to see if the witnesses really saw what they said they saw. The jurors seemed dubious about at least one identification—that of Nelson Rodriguez—made by a lady witness who had never seen him before at a distance of 200 feet.

When the court notables arrived at the scene, they found that cars were parked solidly on both sides of the street **EXCEPT**, conspicuously, in front of 433 Alvarado. Charles Garry accused Norman of setting up the scene deliberately without cars there so the jurors would be deceived into thinking the neighbors across the street had a better view of the scene than they actually had. The defense has argued that the eyewitnesses saw very little but picked up bits of information from newspapers or police and incorporated them into their testimony. After some argument, during which the court reporter had a hard time punching her stenograph machine on the hood of a car, Judge Mana agreed that cars should be positioned in front of the house. The judge drove his snappy Jaguar sedan to the spot, and an obliging TV reporter supplied his Plymouth.

Much to the relief of all involved, the prosecution case should end next week. It's been a long case, sometimes sloppy, often self-congratulatory. There is almost no convincing evidence against three of the brothers—Nelson, Tony and Bebe—and rather incriminating evidence of receiving stolen property against the other three. The charges of murder and assault with intent to murder rest heavily on the testimony of Brodnik's partner, McGoran, whose credibility is pretty low—and the defense case hasn't even started.

POLITICAL PRISONERS

In recent months the vicious racist lackeys of the power structure have stepped up their repression against poor whites to an ever greater level of overt fascism. What I am referring to is the arrest and imprisonment of Defense Captain Chuck Armsbury.

Chuck is the Defense Captain of the Eugene, Oregon, branch of the Patriot Party. He was recently sentenced to ten years in prison for knowingly possessing an illegal firearm.

Last February Chuck went to the airport to pick up two Patriot sisters from New York. On the way home they were stopped by the pigs. Inside the car Chuck had two perfectly legal weapons, a shotgun and a visible sidearm. Both of these weapons were fully registered and were in plain view, not concealed as the pigs claimed.

They first charged him with possessing a shotgun of illegal length, but this wasn't the case, so they charged him with failure to pay the taxes on the shotgun. Later the concealed weapon ruse was added. Since the second amendment to the Constitution states that we have a right to keep and bear arms, these pigs in Eugene proved that instead of being protectors of the people, they are rather persecutors of the people.

While Chuck was awaiting trial, his wife Sonya and their six children daily went to a road by the prison to wave at him with a pillowcase. This was their only way to establish contact with him since he is not allowed to have visitors or read any mail that comes to the jail for him. These bastards won't even let this brother's wife visit him!

Finally his wife and six children were told to get off the road by prison officials. When they came back with some witnesses, the guards moved Chuck to another cell and threatened to throw his children in jail. (This is nothing new to poor people)

Now they have sentenced Chuck to ten years without parole or appeal. Every person has a right to appeal his case before the Supreme Court if necessary. We say the real reason they have thrown Chuck in prison is because he is a strong revolutionary. He helped start the Wood Co-Op (many poor people in Eugene and rural Oregon still use wood stoves because of their poverty), and the Free Breakfast for Children program in Eugene.

The pigs are afraid to free Chuck because he organizes poor whites. Chuck, as all oppressed whites are or should be doing, is declaring war on the rich ruling class. We are tired of living in a pile of white garbage. We have been in white poverty ever since our ancestors came to this country.

This should also prove to white people in the movement that the pigs not only come down on Blacks, Chicanos, Orientals and longhairs, but poor whites as well. Brother Malcolm X said that he didn't see how white radicals and any white movement people could help Black people when they couldn't even help their own white trash. We say right on to Brother Malcolm.

We say that we are the living reminders that when they threw out their white trash, they forgot to burn it. And now we plan on doing to these rich fools what they forgot to do to us. White Niggas, unite!

All Power to the People!
Free All Political Prisoners!
Chuck will be freed by
any means necessary!

Monk Digby
Patriot Party-Bay Area
122 Willow Ave.
Corte Madera, Ca. 94925
924-2757

CHARLIES' FAMILY... SOLIDARITY

"We've always lived in confident fear. The fear is our strength when we can confront it." Wish from the family at Spahn Ranch was rapping about the L.A. Railroad, the Manson Family Massacre. She's been with the family for 3 years.

Wish visited her sisters and Charlie last week. "Charlie's beautiful; he gets along real well in jail. He is jail. We don't talk about anything. What can we say? We just talk. The girls are so white. You can see all their veins. But they're getting prettier and prettier. And they're always happy."

All of the family are restricted from watching the trial. Any time anyone from the Ranch tries to go, he finds a subpoena slapped on him. Subpoenaed witnesses aren't allowed in court. But the family keeps close contact with each other.

They have no conscious politics. "We just love each other. Women's Lib here is shovelling manure with the men, and taking guard duty," Stingy told me. Someone took a shot at the house a few days ago.

Wish has known Linda Kasabian for a long time. "It's hard talking about Linda, then and now with the trial, you know? Linda's doing a trip. Eventually, she'll have to start telling the truth. You can't live with yourself when you're killin' people."

Sadie (Susan Atkins), Pat Krenwinkel, and Lesli Skanston (Van Houten) are only allowed to see each other in court. But they communicate pretty well thru the prison grapevine. They write lots of letters and songs to their family at the ranch. Sadie has just finished a huge embroidered patch of sun for a vest for Charlie. They've all been sending patches to the ranch to make the vest, weaving their own hair into some of the designs. The crosses they carved on their foreheads are healing.

It blew my mind to hear how a guy called White Rabbit from San Francisco had been trying to rip them off. The S.F. Manson Defense Fund phone number, the rumors of the family moving to Berkeley, and the benefit that's supposed to happen here are all false. White Rabbit's a shuck; none of the money he's collecting is really going to the Manson Family.

THE ONLY DEFENSE FUND
ADDRESS IS: Spahn Movie Ranch,
12000 Santa Susana Pass Road,
Chatsworth, California 91311.

And they do need bread... They're also selling an album called **LIES**, of the songs they taped three years ago. All the most recent tapes were ripped off. It's \$4.25 plus a 25 cent handling charge. Get it thru Phil Kaufman, A **JOINT VENTURE**, Box 4657, North Hollywood, California.

JURY

With big words, they ask the prospective jury if they're willing to kill, and if they believe in legal murder.

*No young people
No pretty girls
No Black men
No Brown men
No Yellow men
No Red men
No men with sideburns, or even without a haircut.*

Old men and women, dead in the head are preferred.

*If you stand for it, you are a part of it.
If you let them do it, then it shall be done to you also.*

—The Manson Family

MUSIC THING

★★★★★

During the past week I spent a pleasant evening with Malvina Reynolds and her husband, went from room to room up at radio station KSAN talking with Mike Bloomfield, and late Tuesday night I got a chance to meet the Joy of Cooking, and their manager Ed Denson. Denson also manages Country Joe, Big Brother and the Holding Co., Frontier Constabulary, and Barry Melton.

Malvina Reynolds has got to be one of the nicest ladies I've ever met. I was a little surprised that she and her husband were so relaxed with me, having never met me before. I asked her the same old questions that most people ask, "Why did you write 'Little Boxes'?" And, "What inspired you to write 'Turn Around'?" She's probably heard those questions enough times to be sick of them. But, at no time was she impatient with me. I really appreciated her kindness, simply because it made me feel good.

Malvina and her husband, William, have lived in Berkeley for seventeen years. They are peaceful revolutionaries, some of Malvina's songs can attest to that. Being socialists, they seem to feel that our present government just isn't going to work out, and there was no way I was going to argue about that.

Century City Records has just released a new album by Malvina, and she just finished a forty day performing tour of Japan. She said she plans to make the tour again in a couple of years.

So I goes up to radio KSAN to talk to Dusty Street. Some little junior flip hassles me at the door, but I finally get in. I was altogether uptight by the time I finally got to see Dusty. And in my own sweet little evil way I asked her the question I had come to ask, and that was, did she think her radio show was necessary? She said "No, but the people dig it."

At that point this guy jumps up from a chair in the corner of the room and asks me if I wanted to see radio turned into twenty-four hour tape shows without dee-jays. I thought to myself, who is this dude? It took me a minute to recognize him, but after I did he and I went out to the hall to discuss his question. Of course I'm talking about "Mr. East West" Mike Bloomfield.

He has one of the most knowledgeable minds for contemporary music you could imagine. From the gates we seemed to get along with each other. After talking with him for just a few minutes I overcame my uptight feelings, and then Mike and I spent three hours just talking about music.

He loves music more than I do, if that's possible, and we reminisced for one solid hour about people like Al "T.N.T." Bragg, Junior Parker, Shorty Long, The Mirettes, Loraine Ellison, The Mad Lads, Bobby Bland, Frankie Limon, Little Milton, and so many others I just don't remember them all. Mike even knew about old record labels like Savoy, and Specialty, and also about the religious singers that used to record for those labels like The Soul Stirrers and the Pilgrim Travelers.

I put on a record, in one of those little record booths, that I wanted Mike to hear. Right away he began to dance toward one wall, and I began to dance toward another one. He told me he used to dance his ass off in Chicago in the early days of rock'n'roll.

Most of you already know a lot about Mike's background, so I won't bore you with that. But I will tell you this, Mike said Ray Charles has always been his idol, and for months now he's been trying to get into Ray's band. Well, it looks like he might make it! Mike said it isn't certain yet, but the possibilities look real good. Right now he's doing studio work for Fantasy Records.

Ed Denson is sure one nice free-flowing guy, for someone who lives in such a fuck-up world. Living in this world can really be trying, but managing a band can be all that and much, much more. So how can he be such a nice guy? Maybe the answer to that is have nice free-flowing people in the bands you manage, like the Joy of Cooking.

I saw the group Tuesday night at Mandrake's, and although I wasn't overcome by the music, the oooo-whooo-ness of the people in the group more than made up for it. They have been signed by Capitol, and plan to record for them sometime in the near future. Joy of Cooking has good harmony, and good musicianship within the group. The songs they do, though they do have good beats, are just too bland for me. After a while their songs seem to waterfall into each other.

I talked with Terry the rhythm guitarist of the group in a way I really didn't mean to. I think she thought I was high, and therefore she forgave me for my strange questions. She's somewhere in her thirties, I never did pin that down, and she's one of those beautiful individuals you happen to meet once a year.

Go see them if you get a chance — they're really worth it.

— Brother Brown



gun dream seven

I dreamt the pistol
suddenly
It broke my pleasant round
of lovers' faces.

Awake I was not afraid, not enraged. I
considered my karma, and it was cool.

You will not accuse me of
VENGEANCE
BLOODLUST
HATE

they are unreal and stay in my shadow.
The Terror is real, though it has learned
of Cunning: to hide behind
my fear of myself.
But soon it will enclose the Earth
"there will be an age of terror."

A gun is real
a gun is a tool
as a plow
as a pen
as my life.

To Gun I say
you will not be another terror:
you are mine to be with me
through the night.



letter

No.

27

How much
can we afford to lose, before we win, can we
cut hair, or give up drugs, take
jobs, join Minute Men, marry, wear their clothes,
play bingo, what
can we stomach, how soon
does it leave its mark, can we
living straight in a straight part of town still see
our people, can we live
if we don't see our people? "It is better
to lose & win, than win & be defeated" sd Gertrude Stein, which wd you
choose?

—Diana di Prima

T.C.B. PHONES

Abortion Commu- cation	387-6480	Marine Peace Coalition	454-9781
Abortion Coun- seling	922-1720	MDM	549-2172
ACLU:		Mobile Help Unit Office	421-9850
Bkly	548-1322	Mobile Phone	954-7304
SF	433-2750	Music Switchboard, SF	861-8889
American Indian Center	522-1071	New Mobe	863-9289
Bkly Fire Dept	845-1710	Newsreel	621-6196
Bkly Neighborhood Legal Ass't	841-9274	NOW	564-0181
Bkly Rap Center	548-2570	OM United New World	655-6844
Bkly Runaway Center	849-1402	Peoples Arch'tct	845-9627
Berkeley TRIBE: Business	549-2101	Peoples Office	549-3977
Editorial	549-3391	Personal Problems	548-3435
Bkly Coalition	848-4085	Planned Parenthood: E. Bay	654-3212
Bkly Solidarity Committee	549-3977	SF	567-0870
Bethlehem Community Center	452-2245	Teen Clinic	922-1720
Black Panther Party	465-5047	Police Complaint Center	548-0921
Childbirth Educ'n	653-6181	Pregnancy Counsel: SF	922-1720
Committee to Defend Political Prisoners	285-2360	Oak	654-4075
Consc Objectrs	397-6917	Pregnancy Test: Bkly	845-6550
Citizens Alert SF	776-9669	Oak	654-4075
Daily Californian	642-3932	Rabbi Eli Burkow	584-2164
Drift Help: Oak	451-1672	Ramparts	849-4771
SF	863-0775	Resistance: Oak	465-1819
Derby St. Women's Collective	548-5599	SF	526-1910
Drug Counseling & Info	843-1581	SF Ecology Center	391-SMOG
E. Bay Education Switchboard	548-1204	SF Newsreel	626-0611
E. Bay Feminists	524-7772	Sexual Freedom League	654-0316
Ecology Action	843-1820	Suicide Prevention: Alameda Cnty N	849-2212
Economic Action for Peace	642-6586	SF	221-1424
Economic Opportunity Office	841-9151	Contra Costa	939-3232
Everyman Free Clinic	861-8883	Switchboards: Bkly	548-0649
Fa Planning	845-6550	E. Oak	569-6369
Fo Camps: Bkly	849-2460	Fogline	665-2721
SF	558-5662	Gay	843-6982
Free Bail Proj. SF	522-2202	Haight-Ashbury	387-7000
Free Black Clinic SF	922-9927	Marin	456-5300
Free Church Bkly 24 hrs	549-0649	Marin Music	457-2104
Free Clinic Bkly	548-2570	Music	861-8889
Free Drug Treatment SF	621-9758	SF	626-0267
Free Hashbury Clinic	431-1714	San Jose	295-2938
Free Medical Clinic, Centro de Salud	285-3655	Alameda	522-8363
Free Store	533-7210	W. Oak Legal	836-3013
Free Univ. Bkly	841-6794	Venceremos B'gde	845-6326
Gay Lib	843-6982	White Panthers	549-3977
Haight-Ashbury Free Church	621-9553	Taxi Unlimited	841-2345
Haight-Ashbury Draft Counsel	621-9553	Teen Krisis: 24 hr	237-4667
Heliotrope SF	931-1693	Tenants Union	549-3977
Huckleberry's for Runaways	731-3921	Torch	841-9151
J.D.E.A.S.	387-5999	Trading Post	626-9641
Indian Center	362-5822	Turn-On Center, SF	626-0267
KMPX	771-8503	United Farm Workers	282-3772
Light Artists Guild	359-5430	War Resist. Lee.	989-7658

THRILL PHONES

ALTERNATIVE FUTURES COMMUNE: 2012 Pine, SF; 922-8846	LIONS SHARE: 50 Red Hill Ave San Anselmo 454-9856
AUDIUM: 309 4th Ave SF 387-5630	MANDRAKE'S: 10th & Univ Bkly 845-9065
BABYLON: 2504 San Pablo Bkly 848-9343	MATRIX: 3138 Fillmore SF 567-0118
BASTA YA: 260 Valencia SF MA 1-9161	MIME TROUPE: 431-1984
BISHOPS COFFEE HOUSE: 1437 Harrison Oak 835-3366	MOOSE CITY CLUB THEATER, 1428 Alice St; Oakland, 834-5722
BKLY ART CENTER: 1275 Walnut St Bkly	MUSIC SWITCHBOARD: 1380 Howard St., SF; 861-8889
BKLY COMMUNITY THE- ATRE: Grove & Allston Way Bkly 644-6863	NATIVE SON: 3126 Shattuck Ave, Berk; 845-1556
BLUE UNICORN: 1924 Hayes SF 752-6710	NEW MONK: 2119 University Ave, Berk; 841-9903
BOTH-AND: 350 Divisadero SF	NEW ORLEANS HOUSE: 1505 San Pablo Bkly 525-2221
CANYON CINEMATHEQUE: 756 Union SF 332-1514	NORTH BEACH GALLERY CAFE: 576 Vallejo SF 434-1305
CEDAR BONITA: 1606 Boni- ta Bkly	NORTHSIDE THEATRE: 1828 Euclid Bkly 841-2648
COLLEGE OF ARTS AND CRAFTS: B'way & College Oak 653-8118	PALACE THEATRE: Columbus & Powell SF 861-4396
COMMITTEE THEATRE: 622 Broadway SF	POPPYCOCK: 135 University Palo Alto 325-4620
ENCORE THEATRE: 422 Mason SF 397-7787	PETA'S COFFEEHOUSE: Co- lumbus & Union SF 982-4999
FAMILY DOG: 660 Great Highway SF 752-8664	SEVENTH SEAL: 2309 Bow- ditch Bkly 848-0269
FETHERS PT FILM SOC: 4416 18th St SF 861-5491	SF ART INSTITUTE: 771-7020
FILLMORE AUD: 1805 Gear- ry SF 567-9170	SF CINEMA WORKSHOP: 771-2177
FREIGHT and SALVAGE: 1827 San Pablo Bkly 548-1761	SF MUSEUM OF ART: McAllister at Van Ness SF 863-8800
GEORGE'S LOG CABIN: 2629 Bayshore Blvd S.F. 334-8660	STEPPENWOLF: 2136 San Pablo Bkly
HOUSE OF JOY no.2: 1145 55th St Oak 654-9222	SURF THEATRE: 46th & Irving SF 664-6300
INN OF THE BEGINNING: 6201 Redwood Highway Cotati [707] 795-9955	TELEREP CINEMA I & II: 2533 Telegraph Bkly 848-8650
INTERSECTION: 756 Union St SF 397-6061	THE THEATRE: 2980 Col- legé Ave Bkly 848-2791
JULIAN THEATRE: 953 DeHaro St SF 647-8098	TROPICORO: 831 Broadway SF 982-6611
JEWISH COMMUNITY CEN-TER: 3200, California St SF 346-6040	VETERANS WAR MEM: Van Ness & McAllister SF
KEYSTONE KORNER: Vallejo & Stockton SF 781-0697	YWCA - BERKELEY: 2134 Allston Way 848-1882
LAND'S END PUB: 1545 Calif St SF 673-9779	

Sky River

Can't from P. 16

dusty, and dirty. Juicers, bikers, people on reds hung around that area. Other people went there for supplies, or to see what was happening, or to panhandle.

Up the hill were the lean-to's and small tents. At the top were the huge tents with cars, fireplaces etc. The field was known to us woods people as "the city."

In the woods, it was great. This was the "suburbs" where people could be isolated from the crowd. Here people made use of what was at hand to build shelters, fireplaces, and campsites.

Not that there were huge congested crowds, like at Altamont. Even at worst during the weekend there was lots of room to move.

The music was supposed to have started on Friday. By Saturday night there was still none. The stage wasn't completed yet, there was trouble with the sound system and the generator wasn't putting out enough power for the light show to operate.

Still, late Saturday night there was music. It lasted until 6AM Sunday. I don't remember the names of any of the bands that played, only that some were good, others passable, none fantastic, none bringing on the fantastic hero worship scenes common to festivals. The bands were there because of the community, not vice versa.

All night long people stood in front of the stage and boogeyed to the music. Back in the woods the next day a guy stumbled into our campsite barely able to walk or talk. He'd taken sixteen tabs of acid the night before and played the drums all night until he collapsed and was carried away. Afterwards he mellowed

Friends and Relations,

You won't believe this, but GEORGE is in the Northwest this week. Sometimes a guy has just gotta take a vacation, you know what I mean? And this week George and about half the rest of the Red Mountain Tribe went to Portland and Sky River and points in between. Mostly they had a good time, but they are sorry they couldn't help you get through the next week.

Peace Love and Dynamite Far Out
GEORGE

PEOPLE'S NEWS

Taxi Unlimited was in a bad way. Their mechanic was out of town and they were down to a rolling fleet of two cars.

Wednesday a brother came in. He laid a 1961 Chevy on them with the registration in the name of Taxi Unlimited. "I told you I'd get you a cab if I could," he said. The People at Taxi Unlimited want to thank him. So.....THANKS'

BEWARE

A large Berkeley dope bust is expected in the next two or three weeks. A family was hit a couple of weeks back and charged with conspiracy to sell and conspiracy to manufacture.

The word is these jive "conspiracy" charges are what the pigs are into. Indications are the roundup of families is coming soon. So as Archie Bell and the Drolls say, "Tighten Up."

out with some reds. He offered us some drinking water and warned us not to start our fire too close to the overhanging dead tree branches then stumbled off through the woods. Someone else had been found unconscious in front of the stage the night before. Zealous volunteers from the Open Door Clinic carried him off, revived him, gave him a hot meal and some ice water, much to his confusion. He hadn't taken any drugs that night, he'd only fallen asleep.

On Sunday and Monday things began to mellow out and settle down. There weren't so many heavy trips going down, there was less confusion. Things

stabilized. People volunteered for work, settled in their campsites, ate, slept, and lived. The crowds of the first weekend left. School was starting in the state of Washington. The festival began to feel real good as a closer community developed.

Town meetings began to plan the next weekend, form new work crews and discuss things like what was happening in Portland. A woman's patrol was formed to deal with harrassment on the Avenue. More free food was set up, the camp was cleaned, trucked-in water became a regular thing, and a reservoir was dug.

At night there was more music. When a band did a good set people would often respond by holding up clenched fists.

Life was very mellow there.

It will be interesting next weekend to see what happens when the crowds return to hear more bands. With Vortex I over, there will be thousands of new people.

It will be even more interesting to see what happens the day after when most of the people and concessionaires leave, but some stay and attempt to live on what was once a farm in Southern Washington.

Demands can't

11. All outgoing and incoming mail delayed unnecessarily, left laying about till A.C. personel decide to censor before reaching men. Two-week old letters commonplace.

WRITER CONFINED 30 MONTHS, OTHERS STILL MORE, others still worse off.

13. The use of Mace, truncheons, "Ratpacking methods", water hoses at the sadistic whims of all and any adjustment center official or personel.

14. The denial of feeding the men confined in the adjustment center in their own dining room, built and provided in the adjustment center for that very purpose, feeding plastic utensils and methods slow and unclean

15. The lack of escorts deemed necessary for any man going out of the adjustment center whether to hospital, visiting room, dentist lab, attorney visits. Visitors often made to wait long periods unnecessarily.

LA RAZA UNIDA-

A legal defense committee has been formed to free the brothers busted in L.A. - Donations should be sent to: Chicano Moratorium Defense Fund, 3827 E. 14th St., Oakland, Calif. - 94601
ph. 261-1167

Berkeley Gay Lib will be starting regular meetings again this Monday night at 8:00 PM at 2918 Harper, near Ashby and Grove. Much has happened over the summer in Gay Lib: Gay Sunshine, a newspaper, started publishing; a switchboard and a coffeehouse were started; encounter groups have been meeting; but all of this was on an informal level, and no meetings were held.

Now it's time to get together regularly and reach out to the Gay community. Things are happening fast and unpredictably in Gay Lib as in the rest of the revolution. But to the extent that we can plan for the future, the main goal of Gay Lib is going to be to create a liberated Gay community of sisters and brothers, living together, loving one another, and recreating the world. What this means we'll start discovering Monday night. So come out and rap with your sisters and brothers!



LA ERA ESTA
PARIENDO UN CORAZON
THE AGE IS GIVING
BIRTH TO A HEART